NOV. 1949

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Bankrupt's Divali!

This is the 3rd Divali of our freedom. We have been free 28 months and we are greater bankrupts today than we were ever before.

The cost of living in cities like Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi is the highest in the world today. In the villages the cost of living need not be calculated in mathematical terms because the villagers have ceased to live.

According to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru we are short of food by only 10 per cent but 90 per cent of our people do not get two meals a day. Where does all the food we grow at present disappear? No one knows, neither the Food Commissioner nor our popular Food Minister. The rich ones, however, know where it goes and they pay for it and get it.

Our leaders exhort us to grow more food with endless words and photographs of themselves perching on a tractor or holding the tails of bullocks. When the leaders sow words behind the bullocks, the bullocks look at us and wink. The bullocks know that words can't grow food. All this talk of growing more food only increases our hunger. If only these popular leaders wouldn't talk we could stand our distress better by trying to forget our hunger. But they talk and their periodical nonsense increases the pangs of our hunger and makes us willing listeners of Communism.

We are short of cloth and yet the millowners are closing their mills because they are over-stocked. During the last twenty-eight months we had control, decontrol and re-control of cloth. All this mess has still left us more naked than we were ever before. Before the war we had an almost self-sufficient textile industry in the country. During the war we had a surplus of production which we could export to other countries. Today we have mills over-stocked and yet the dead bodies run short of their final shrouds and have to be burnt naked. In another country people who bungled such responsibilities would be hanged in the public square. In our country we rush to the public square with garlands to hear their glib speeches.

This is a country of impotent millions. During the Bengal famine 35 lakhs of people died on the streets but not one of them snatched food from a single shop nor throttled a Britisher for starving millions. Those who lived to tell the story of that famine went to bed with their women and quickly replaced the loss of 35 lakhs. That is the only potency our millions have—multiplying in the midst of poverty, pestilence and politics. We are a god-fearing, spiritual people who have been taught to suffer in silence to deserve a better status in the next birth. We are all dying every day for the next birth but not living through the present one. That is the tragedy of our racial philosophy—a tragedy we have inherited through ages and we proudly call it our culture and tradition.

We are short of sugar—so short that we cannot even sweeten our tongues leave alone feeding our bones and bodies. And yet we have so many sugar mills in the country that not only can we infect the whole nation with diabetes but also spread this sugar disease in other countries. Our sugar affair has also gone through the usual control, de-control and re-control spasms, with the result that we have once again a sugarless Divali.

When we granted Pakistan, we lost our wheat and Burma turned our rice into a red cereal. Though we didn't eat jute it brought us money with which we could buy quite a few necessities from overseas. But in the true spirit of Hindu brotherhood we handed over all the jute to our Pakistani brothers and now the Muslims are trading on our behalf. In the first flush of freedom and hypnotized by our sterling balances, which one bankrupt nation owed to another, we imported luxuries from America and dissipated our national wealth. Today we are in the dangerous mess of devaluation with the result that the rupee buys much less now than ever before.

All that we now have as our national asset are our revered leaders who give us more speeches and more promises. But words don't fill stomachs nor do they cover naked bodies.

To add to all these shortages we have over six million refugees—innocent victims of power politics—people uprooted from their homes and lands and thrown to the dogs of communalism.

We have failed so far—and miserably—to rehabilitate these unfortunate people. Like the rest of the country they are also living on words and promises of our leaders. Their main misfortune is that they are Hindus and as such trained through ages to go through the reverses of life with a philosophy of resignation

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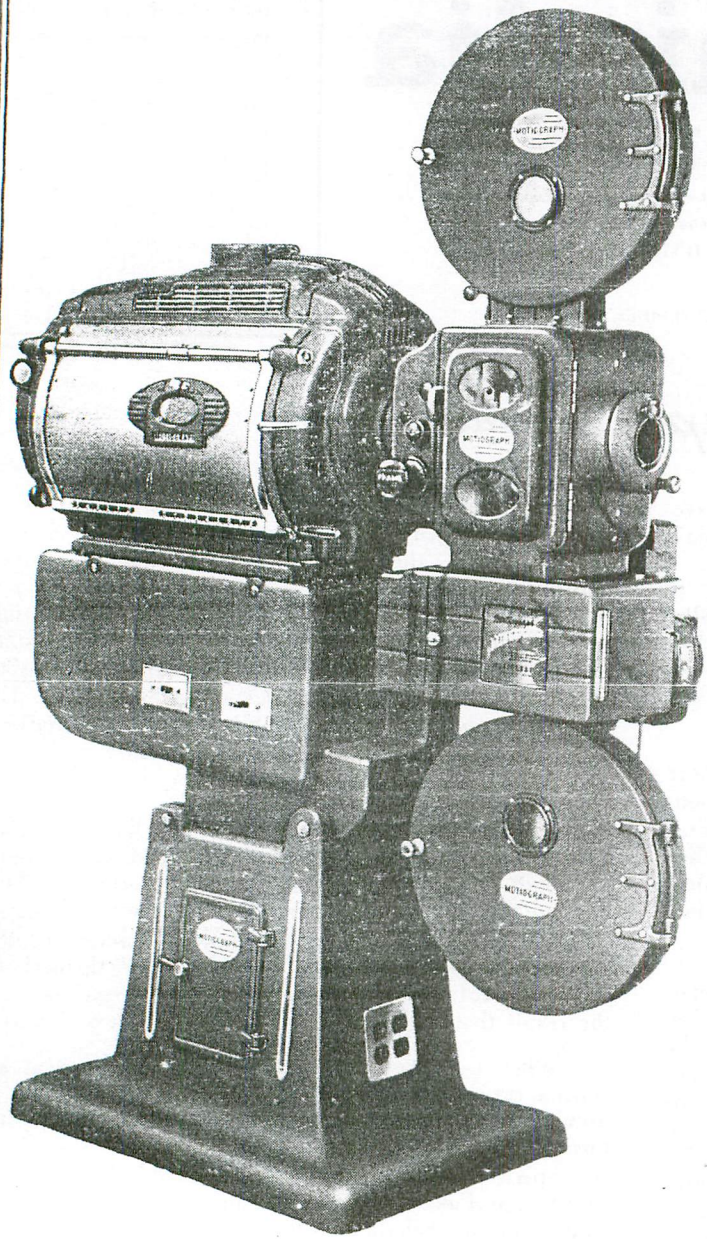

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which is the backbone of Hindu culture. But their bones are shrivelling up now and their souls are already dead.

We are in the grip of another national scourge—provincial autonomy. Provincial autonomy is the democracy of little Caesars on Robinson Crusoe islands. Gandhiji died for the unity of India, Vallabhbhai Patel got a heart disease clearing princely cobwebs of tyranny and Jawaharlal Nehru is getting hoarse shouting that India is one and indivisible. But the little Caesars of provincial autonomy are bent on making India a land of incongruous islands with little dictators for each province. They want lingual provinces to perpetuate racial feuds; they want prohibition to quench the sadistic thirst of their own frustrated throats; they want to stop horse racing and card-playing to kill the joys of the people; they want special powers to throttle opposition; they want laws to tie the tongues and break the pens of their critics and they want glamour and garlands for all their sadistic pursuits in the name of the dumb millions.

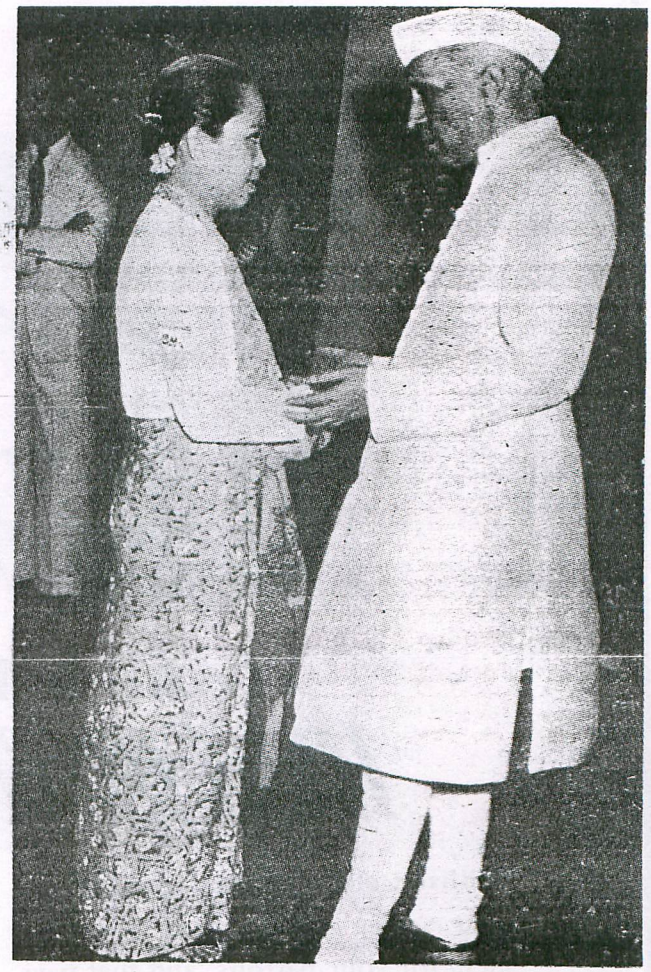
These little Caesars ask us to respond to the call of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and grow more food, maintain discipline, stop blackmarketing etc., while they themselves do not listen to Pandit Nehru's directive to scrap prohibition and not interfere with the sport and games of the people. When Pandit Nehru's immediate colleagues do not care a damn for what he says and misuse their provincial autonomy with a vengeance, how can the people be expected to follow our great leader?

The net result of all this mess is that we are losing hundreds of crores in state revenues every year—money that could have been used for doing a lot of good to our people.

It is strange that our popular leaders, who stigmatize the liquor revenue as tainted money to justify their prohibition policy, beg for a loan from America knowing fully well that half of the American revenue comes from the liquor traffic of the country. Does the American liquor not taint the nation's money?

To add to all our misfortunes, we have Kashmir, the cock-pit of our national pride. To maintain the towering stature of Sheikh Abdulla we have been giving him our men and money for over two years. It is a war of power politics which is taxing a poor people like us from day to day. We were promised peace and prosperity after partition but we have been given war and poverty instead.

War, refugees and prohibition have drained all our revenues and within 28 months we have become a nation of 320 million bankrupts. The fancy schemes of building dams on rivers, the imposing airport expansion plans, glamorous housing schemes, road and railway constructions and a thousand other golden projects which were promised for our Utopian future have been given up for want of funds and our budgets have been so badly muddled that while our Finance Minister expected a surplus of 45 lakhs of rupees within 12 months, he shame-facedly reported a deficit of 4½ crores within the first 4 months. With poverty staring us in the face, this country of Leelavati and Ramanujam is becoming a land of clumsy mathematicians. We seem to have lost even the talent to estimate our misfortunes.



Mrs. Aung San (Burma) is evidently interested in Pandit Nehru's Burmese story at the reception given by the Ministry of Health in New Delhi recently.

What is true of the country in general is true of the film industry. Taxed, retaxed and overtaxed in all its branches, the Indian film industry is gasping for breath. The recent devaluation of the sterling has proved to be the last straw on the camel's back. Almost everything, which the film industry requires from raw film to machinery, has to be imported from overseas. With the devaluation of the sterling the industry will have to pay over 37% more in rupees on all its purchases from overseas. Add to this the 60% burden in various inland taxes imposed by the government and imagine the plight of the Indian film industry in the year to come.

People get what they deserve and they should thank themselves for this bankrupt's Divali.

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REVOLVERS AND MINISTER MORARJI!

On the 30th of January 1948 when Nathuram Vinayak Godse shot Mahatma Gandhi, the revolver took the most precious and revered life in India during the last two thousand years.

Since then the Communists in the country have used the revolver to kill hundreds of their opponents including many members of the police force. The revolver is also extensively used these days in bank raids, train thefts and other crimes and the list of murders is growing from day to day.

We have an Indian Arms Act under which no one can possess a pistol or a revolver without a license granted by a duly authorized officer of the Government. It is very difficult to get a license to possess a revolver and very few persons manage to get one after satisfying the authorities about their status, need and intentions. Such licenses are granted only after the most exhaustive inquiries are made by the city and provincial authorities.

Munnawar Sultana is getting fat all over as seen in "Sabak", produced and directed by M. Sadiq.

And yet the revolver has become the most handy and popular weapon of taking human life. Its immense popularity as a weapon of murder and vendetta is primarily due to the motion pictures, both Indian and foreign. Almost in every third picture that is screened these days we find the revolver being used to settle arguments, to rush the climax or to kill an inconvenient rival.

While in America a revolver can be purchased in some states like a toy across a shopkeeper's counter without a license, it is not so easy to possess a revolver in India. And yet look at the numerous Indian pictures in which the different characters play with revolvers as if they were toys bought from Bohri shops.

Let us quote a few recent instances:

In "Ma-ka-Pyar", produced by Krishin Movietone. Jeevan who acts the villain kills a money lender in a jungle, cleans the revolver with a kerchief to wipe off finger prints and then plants the crime on the brother of the heroine. How did this man get the revolver?

In "Kaneez", produced by Caravan Pictures, a loaded revolver is kept on a table and Kuldeep, who acts the vamp, picks it up and shoots at the heroine, Munnawar Sultana. That revolver shot hastens the climax. But how did that revolver come there? Who had the license to possess the weapon?

In "Chanda-ki-Chandni", produced by I. A. Patel Productions, Veera whips out a revolver and fires a shot at Jairaj. How did the woman get the revolver?

In "Andaz", produced by Mehboob Productions, Nargis suddenly whips out a revolver and empties it into Dilip Kumar's chest. How did Nargis get that revolver?

The list of these easy-revolver pictures can be endless. The point is: what effect do such revolver scenes have on the audience in these times of Communist activities, violent crimes and general discontent?

The ease with which film characters are shown getting the revolvers and using them at the slightest provocation not only suggests that it is easy to obtain a revolver but also that it is easier to settle any argument by the instant use of it. If it is easy to get a revolver and easier to use it, where does the Indian Arms Act come in with its stern necessity of obtaining a license?

If we must have a law like the Indian Arms Act we may as well teach people to have a wholesome respect for such a law and not encourage the film producers to ridicule it by throwing pistols and revolvers about within easy reach of their film characters to promote stupid film situations.

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MP

MODI SOAP WORKS, MODINAGAR, U. P.

They have blown up Nigar rather badly in "Khel" produced by Shahin Pictures.

The way revolvers are dangled before us in Indian and foreign films people must feel that it is the easiest thing in the world to get revolvers to settle all quarrels, apart from committing murderous crimes.

Haven't we enough of crime and violence let loose in the country these days not to realize the harm such lawless depictions in the pictures are likely to cause among the masses?

The revolver which took the life of our greatest prophet of peace and non-violence should be a strictly prohibited weapon in this country. But we find it being advertised widely and made more and more popular every day in our movies—and in the face of the ever increasing toll of human lives it is taking from day to day.

Is that right, we ask? If the censors have no brains to look at this problem correctly, surely Home Minister Morarji Desai must understand the increasing menace in these easy-revolver scenes in motion pictures.

If it is right and moral to cut off from the pictures the "cup that cheers" as a prohibition measure, isn't it more moral and correct to cut off revolver sequences which either directly or indirectly encourage crime and murder?

Or are the authorities waiting for some more leaders to be shot before they realize that the cult of easy violence which is being popularised by motion pictures is responsible for many a crime and murder in the country today?

CENSORS AND HYBRID SONGS

Film producers, the world over, will do almost anything under the sun to make some easy money. They seem to be the greediest mortals born in the twentieth century the way they peddle filth in their pictures in an all-out effort to appease the box-office mammon.

Indian film producers, who usually ape their foreign contemporaries in giving goofs and gags to woo the box-office, beat even the Hollywood producers in sheer stupidity when they twist and distort everything from history to hysteria in their attempt to make money.

One of the most contemptuous items of wooing the box-office is the present day film song written by the film "poets" of India. Themes and poetry apart, these songs don't even enjoy the privilege of being composed in a single language. Most of the film songs are bastard compositions with ideas and lines filched from others and strung together with words from as many as six languages.

With the rumba providing the basic rhythm of many a film song these days, the film poets have begun mixing English words with their Hindustani compositions. The effect of this hybrid planting is at once ludicrous and grotesque. Here are some instances:

"My dear, my dear I love you; Mera jiya na lage, tere bina, bol kahan hai tu?" ("Jeevan"—Kardar Productions.)

"Rahi kanomen jhumar hai jhool; oh you are damn fool! Wonderful, beautiful!" ("Age Kadam", Acharya Art Productions.)

"Wo tumko apni life kahe; ek palki judai seh na sake; no life without wife kahe" ("Daulat," Minerva Movietone.)

"Moohpe lagavo rouge aur powder; pehno petticoat blouse jumper; kudti choli lehenga ghagar" ("Manorama", Jayant Desai Productions.)

The list of such songs is endless. Almost every picture these days has some hybrid comic song primarily inserted to please the masses with something cheap and sensational.

It is hardly necessary to emphasize that such hybrid songs not only lower the taste of the audience but also embarrass our efforts to popularize our national language. While our leaders are shouting themselves hoarse about Hindi and its purity of expression for our future national purposes, the film producers of the country are thrusting on us a new hybrid language with words taken from an alien language.

This is certainly not in keeping with the oft-repeated claim of the Indian film producers that they have been mainly responsible in spreading and popularizing Hindustani all over the country. If they have done this good work why should they now ruin it by thrusting on our people some hybrid poetry which is so revolting and alien to our culture?

If the producers cannot understand the reasonableness of this argument, it is time the censors issued a stern directive banning all hybrid compositions.

THE CUP THAT POISONED!

If there are four good pictures in the town during a certain week and if you want to see them all you just can't do it for fear of seeing some boring documentary film thrust on you by the Films Division of the Government of India.

We had this misfortune recently when along with four feature films we had to see "The Cup That Cheers", a Films Division documentary on tea, four times. Since then we have given up tea as a poisonous weed that ruins entertainment.

The man who is in charge of the distribution of these documentaries is clearly a dunderhead. He doesn't seem to know the basic principle that any propaganda to be effective must entertain and must not be boring. If this man had the brains to realize this he would not have repeated a film in the same town at several cinemas and turned a pretty good informative film into an unnecessary headache.

Any fool in the world can do the mechanical distribution of a film backed by a compulsory law. But it needs intelligence to distribute a film in such a manner as to maintain its novelty of news and entertainment and not sabotage these aspects by multiple repetitions in the same town. If the basic theme of the present distribution of the approved films is to get rid of the copies somehow, a better way would be to throw them into the sea rather than inflict them on the people in all possible cinemas.

It is not enough for the Films Division of the Government of India to produce documentaries if the department does not use intelligence in the distribution of such films. Any documentary film that is repeated to the point of boredom creates a hostility in the mind of the audience with the result that the film defeats its main purpose.

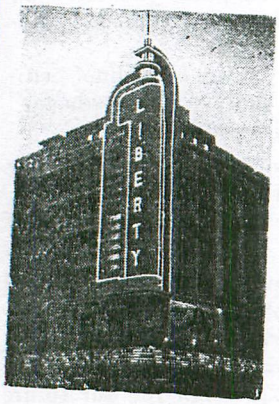
The documentary films cannot be shown as widely and indiscriminately as the newsreels which have a topical news-interest. The distribution of a documentary film must be planned by zones at different times in different towns and in consonance with the popularity of the main feature shown by the cinema. Unless the distribution of such films is intelligently done—and one way of doing it is to avoid repetition—there is no sense in producing such documentaries which end only in giving the audience a headache.

We don't expect the obtuse red-tape folks to understand this subtle aspect of film propaganda but if there is some one in the Ministry of Information & Broadcasting with a little experience and imagination, he can surely appreciate this suggestion and issue instructions to the distribution-officer not to bore us unnecessarily.

BLOOD COUNTS!

If some one still entertains any doubts about the exact measure of culture, education, discipline and respectability of our film people—be they producers, directors, artists, technicians or extras—he has only to attend one of their periodical family gatherings and realize for himself how rude, rowdy and undisciplined these film folks are.

When our film people gather, their good manners get scattered. Of all the rowdies in the world, some of the film rowdies are perhaps the filthiest crowd of scums one can find under the sun. Even their idiotic silence



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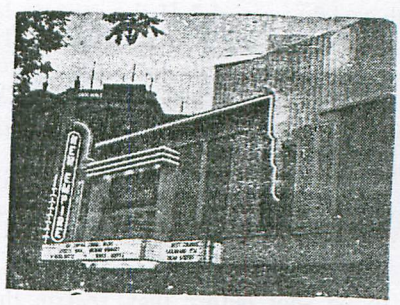

Double-Sided Neon-Sign "New Empire" Double-Sided red letters 2½ ft. in height plus 350 ft. decoration tubing.

is a filthy abuse of time, leave alone their words which stink long before they are uttered.

Never once have the film people met like decent, disciplined members of an important industry and discussed and decided anything useful or practical. And they have had 35 years to do so.

Way back in 1939 when the film industry celebrated its silver jubilee on a grand scale with stage shows and exhibitions, the film folks indulged in a thousand quarrels and a million abuses. Not a meeting nor a minute went without some film man abusing another in words that made the other man's mother blush in her grave. The several sectional conferences, inaugurated by public leaders, became as many bedlams of abuse and confusion no sooner the public leaders left the pandal. Not one blasted producer agreed with another even over the undisputable fact that the sun rose in the east.

Last November when the Hon. Mr. Morarji Desai, our Home Minister, addressed a large gathering of film people at the Ranjit Studios, everything went off well till the departure of the august guest. But as soon as the Home Minister stepped into his car, Chandulal Shah and Prithviraj Kapoor flew at each other's throats and gave a performance which made the Bhendi Bazar goondas revise their own technique in a hurry. Needless to say that it was a disgusting affair and unworthy of both. Chandulal Shah and Prithviraj Kapoor, who are fairly educated and intelligent persons.

Once again the film folks met only a couple of months ago at the Shree Sound Studios to protest against the personnel of the Film Inquiry Committee recently appointed by the Government of India. The agenda of the meeting had no other item except this and though Mr. Chuni Lall, the president of the meeting, emphasized this fact about a hundred times, the film goondas didn't care. In a language peculiar to their ilk they raised all other idiotic issues but the important item on the agenda and sabotaged the meeting completely.

So much of filth and abuse soon filled the meeting hall that the president had to dismiss the guests and request the journalists to leave to save the industry from being defamed. The protest against the personnel of the Film Inquiry Committee remained a silent item on the agenda of the day.

We shall never again risk an appeal to our film people to be decent and disciplined. It is just not in their blood.

YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE—

That Mussoorie went extra gay this season with Ramola, Kishore Sahu's midget, dancing in the Savoy and the Hakmans with Benny, the bandman of Mahim, a little balloon who now threatens to join the screen.

That the man who won the little widow's heart was, however, Tej Narayan, draper and dancer, who wrapped Ramola with a new sari every time he put his arm round her little waist to dance. And Ramola turned round and said: "You little flirt". Tej is now a dhobie's problem.

That with Ramola leaving her heart behind in Mussoorie. Ahmed, the Karachi ghee merchant who fancied himself in love with the star widow, now refuses to fill

Who wouldn't like to hold Nalini's baby face in one's hands but see how that guy Shekhar is doing it in "Ankhen", a picture of Goel Cine Corporation. Let us hope Nalini hasn't got a sprained neck!

new tins with his old grease and has decided to travel to Mussoorie for a duel. And we thought Ramola had gone to see her son in Mussoorie.

That "gentle" Jamsu, taking advantage of the weakness of IMPPA members in electing him as the president of the year, has now flown to London with his Hila on some fantastic scheme of starting a film library in India.

That "gentle" Jamsu will thus spend the profits of "Mela" to get some cheap newspaper cuttings mentioning the president of the producers and return with some film catalogues and posters. The library can wait.

That all those in the film industry who go overseas to bring something back always return with hotel bills and picture postcards showing the places where they ate and—. Never mind the rest.

That while the Government talks of conserving our financial resources more and more of our Shris and Shreematis seem to be going overseas to spend what little money our country has got.

That people follow the lead of their leaders in this respect seeing that Pandit Nehru himself has been accompanied to the dollar land by his sister Krishna and his daughter Indira. Krishna has, of course, gone on a lecturing tour and expects to be heard in preference to her illustrious brother. That way her "King Elephant" had also gone to see a valley somewhere in U.S.A. and returned with some postcards. Who says

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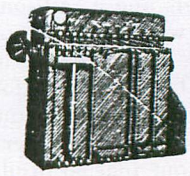

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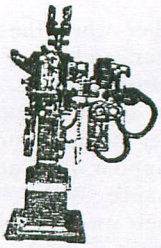

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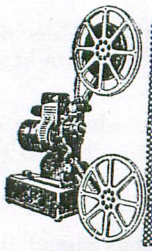

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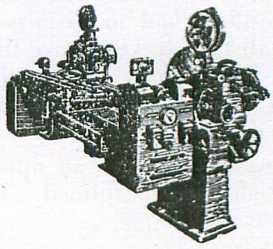

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we are short of dollars? India is still a land of poor princes and rich beggars.

That the long-nosed Keki Modi who had also gone with his little wife to U.K. and U.S.A. once and returned with a fanfare of some tall publicity of having brought back the M.G.M. lion and Carl Laemmle in his trouser pockets, is now reported to be closing down his Central Studios for want of producers.

That the man who had become such a terrific success overseas, as his publicity blurbs claimed, surely must have learnt a few secrets about running a film studio without having to close it so unceremoniously. Or was Keki's also another paper and postcard trip?

That of all people Sardar Chandulal Shah is reported to be concentrating on film production these days. That is encouraging news after producing a hundred rotten pictures. Let us pray the Sardar gives us a hundred good pictures now.

That Chandulal Shah and Pandit Indra wept like two hired Marwari chest-beaters at a funeral when they met after six months during Divali. Taimur, the timid, quickly checked up the pulse of everyone to see who had died. Chandulal is a very sentimental man that way. He loves his friends as much as a drunkard loves his liquor.

That with Pandit Indra visiting Bombay the Ranjit court reassembled during the Divali festival and Vasan,

Paro has a world in that box if you have a pice to pay. Watch her showmanship in "Kisi-ki-yad", a social story of Paro Art Concern.

the Gemini gem, was discussed threadbare not to mention the recent editorials of "filmindia".

That after reading the October issue of "filmindia", the Muslim semi-evacuees of India are reported to have telegraphed for their wives, sons, nephews, nieces and in-laws to return from Pakistan and save the main estates in India in preference to the branches opened out in Pakistan. Even the old rejected wives are being reaccepted.

That the semi-evacuee expose in "filmindia" has made quite a few prominent Muslim producers vomit some secret information before the authorities against their own people of same convictions. It is, however, an amusing spectacle to see a Muslim producer incriminating his own brother-in-law while emphasizing his own loyalty and innocence.

That it is strange that Muslims who live in India are prepared to trust their lives and wives to the Hindus but not their wealth which remains in Pakistan. Is money more important than one's life and wife? And what use is a million in Pakistan if a life-time is to be spent in Hindustan?

That the Punjabi producers of Bombay seem to have suddenly realised the need of reforming the prostitute the way we find a spate of pictures like "Lekh", "Raat-ki-Rani", "Singaar" etc. Can't these people keep their secrets to themselves?

That the Muslim artistes and directors of India intend to erect the statue of "Rummy" Sood. the soothe of Kamini Kaushal, at Flora Fountain as the supreme symbol of patience and tolerance. We give our consent.

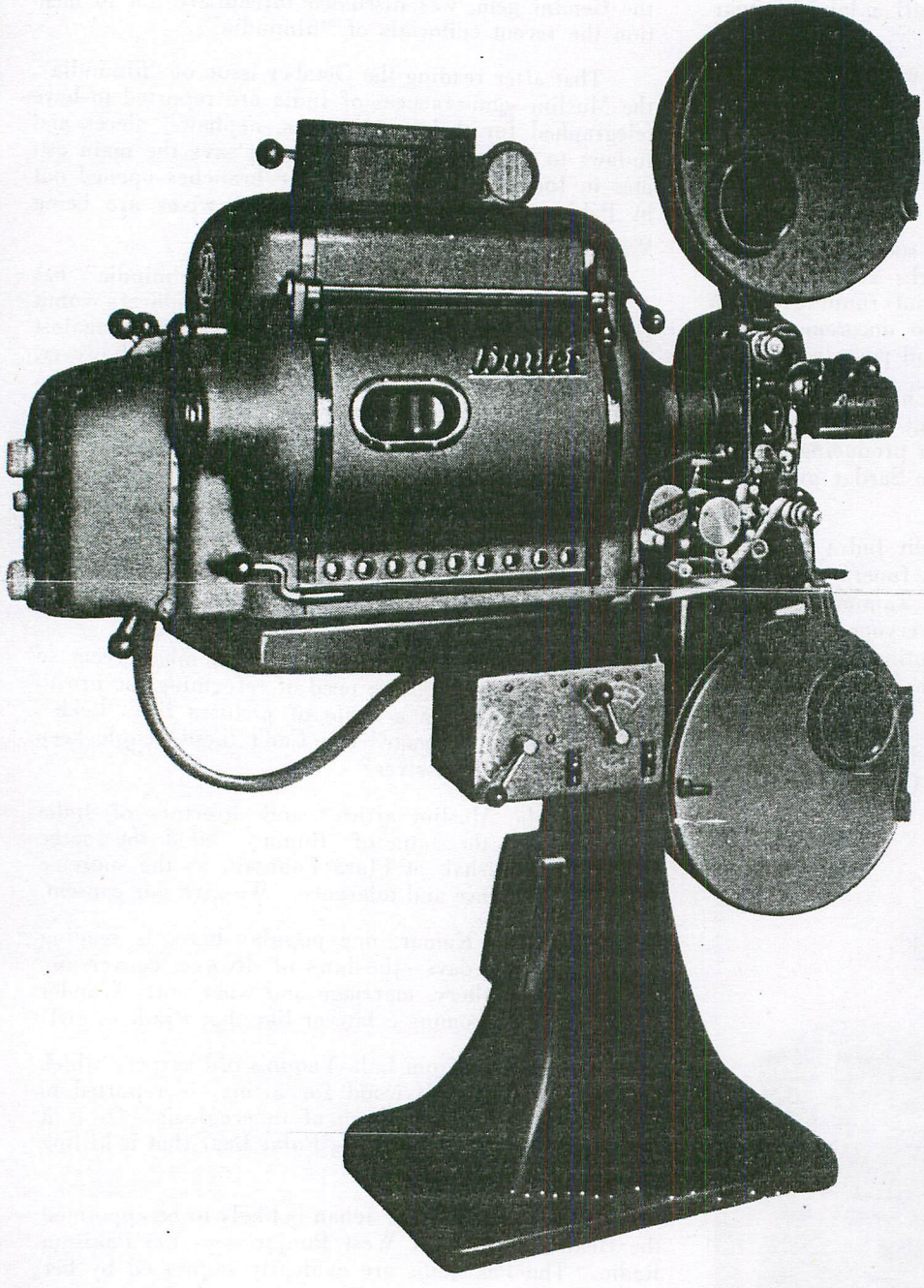
That Dilip Kumar, our popular hero, is reading law books these days—the laws of divorce, conversion, kidnapping, adultery, marriage and what not. Wonder whether he is becoming a lawyer like that Pradhan girl!

That the dust from Lala Yaqub's old carpets, which he had taken to Hollywood for airing, is reported to have given Khurshid a touch of tuberculosis. Or is it the weight of that free-feeding Polar Bear that is killing our one-time favourite?

That film actress Nur Jehan is likely to be appointed the Health Minister of West Punjab says the Pakistan Radio. The Pakistanis are evidently impressed by her obvious chest and lung development.

That after reading "filmindia" Producer Abdul Rashid Kardar has decided to remove the statue of Mahatma Gandhi from his studio portico. Wise man! Those whom you respect and revere you place in a temple and not in an open portico of a film studio. Anyway, the old man deserves a little shade as too much of sun will spoil his complexion.

That Producer Kardar always dramatizes everything including his loyalty to the Indian Union. That way almost all Muslims are natural dramatists including even little Ahmed Abbas who has now started a magazine in Hindi to emphasize his loyalty and nationalism. And



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Wasti is trying to tickle Usha Kiran with words in "Gauna", a social story of Jagat Pictures directed by Amiya Chakravarty.

a wag said that a Muslim starting a Hindi magazine in India is like a Hindu killing a cow in Pakistan to please the masters. We don't think the simile is right where Abbas is concerned. Abbas never liked Jinnah, in fact, he doesn't like people with stature being so short himself.

That somehow friends never expected Ahmed Abbas of all people to canvass advertisements for his Hindi magazine. Such commercial activities are expected from men like Baburao Patel who need money to live. Men like Abbas live on air, water and ideals—all free commodities. But times change and with them men.

That Nigar Sultana is now reported to have started acting off the sets. They say that she whistles too long and makes the producers dance to the tune. A couple of them got so tired doing the Tandav that they scrapped her work from their pictures.

That the only producer who likes Nigar these days is "gentle" Jamsu who sees nothing wrong in her. But that way Jamsu does not see anything wrong in his pictures also. And Jamsu is the president of the producers.

That this off-the-sets acting has become a popular game with our girls these days. In fact, girls put more realism in their performances outside the studios than inside them. If you don't believe us ask Rummy Sood of Kamini Kaushal fame.

That seeing Nargis and Raj Kapoor at foreign pictures together, it is obvious that a new story is in the making these days. The children are trying to learn things from the foreign stars but the little ones should not begin rehearsing in the theatres. All art needs place and patience.

That the rushing and rehearsals for making pictures keep little Raj so busy these days that Mrs. Raj Kapoor feels a bit lonely in spite of her two little kids. Well, she must understand that a man can either run a home or a film company—not both. And after all the Kapoors of College Street are primarily a troupe of artists and art demands sacrifice. Even Trilok Kapoor now threatens to start production.

That with Liaquat Ali of Pakistan going to Moscow, Habib Hussein of Liberty Cinema also threatens to help the Soviets by screening "The Stone Flower", a Soviet picture, at the Liberty. If good Muslims of India don't follow Liaquat's lead who will?

That film actress Hafeez Jehan takes more interest in politics these days than in her film work. She talks of ace pilots, aeronautics, aerial surveys, anti-aircraft guns, guerilla warfare and what not. What a war-minded woman this one is!

That the other film actress who knows a lot of this impressive war phraseology is Veera, wife of Mohsin Abdulla, the cousin of Hafeez Jehan. Mohsin has probably been reading to her an account of the last war.

That the sudden devaluation of the sterling kept some of the Indian film producers in India and the Belgium colour process in Belgium. Now Mehboob and others will have to fall back upon our old Bohri Technicolour process with which the lipstick gets stuck on the eyes and the eyebrows become moustaches. Long live the bearded Bohri!

That the "Islamism" of Liaquat Ali is turning the Pakistanis into useful sappers and miners of Islam. The other day a thousand strong ones took an overdose of Islamism in the Memon Mosque in Karachi and destroyed a brand new cinema opposite the mosque and burnt the furniture and the curtains. Allah-O-Akbar!

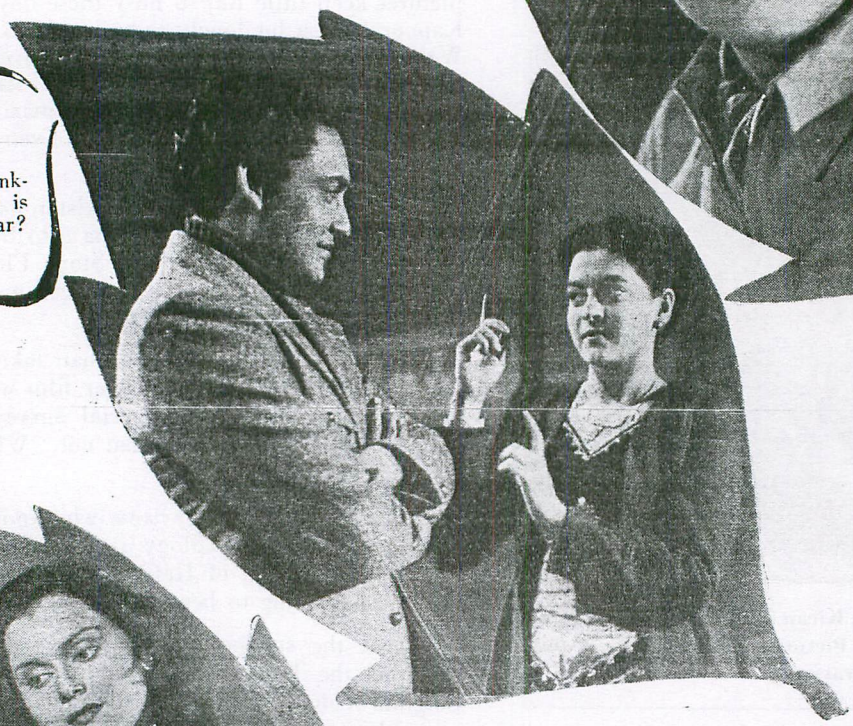
That if the cinema is "haram" in Islam, as the fanaticism of Pakistanis seems to emphasize, then how can the Muslims be producers, distributors and exhibitors? We hope the Muslims of India don't object to the Liberty Cinema of Bombay with a mosque right in front of it. Allah-O-Akbar!

That if this "Islamism" of Liaquat spreads in Pakistan the mosques will multiply and the cinemas will disappear. Where will the Pakistanis then sing and sigh like Majnus and Farhads of old?

"Gee! What a witty book!"
writes a Yankee army colonel.
That is "GREY DUST"

With that beret Shyam starts as a soldier but ends as a lover when he sees a hair-do.

Is that a test for drunkenness which Nalini is giving Ashok Kumar?



Shyam shows plenty of practice sleeping that way. Kuldip doesn't mind seeing that Shyam believes in comforts.

David likes a car always but he loves it when Nalini is at the wheel.

ROUND THE

As soon as Mr. Chuni Lall, the Filmistan chief, returned to India from his European tour Producer Mukherjee and Director Ramesh Saigal went into a war council and quickly completed 'Samadhi'. It had to be done because according to their letters to Mr Chuni Lall while in Europe the picture had been completed long before.

It was some sight to see the boys: Ashok Kumar, Shyam, Mubarak, David, Badri Prasad dropping their eyes before Chuni Lall and winking at Producer Mukherjee as they rushed to the sets to finish a job they had dodged. And the girls: Nalini Jaywant and Kuldip Kaur gave Chuni Lall some broad smile

ON THE SETS of "SAMADHI" A FILMISTAN PICTURE

If we are promised a spy as beautiful as Nalini, let us have another war by all means.

CORNER

and the Filmistan chief wondered and wondered—till he saw the trial of "Samadhi" and said, "That is a good job, Mukherjee".

"But I wrote to you and told you that the picture was completed long before", said Mukherjee. The white liar! Everyone knows that he and Ramesh Saigal turned nights into days to complete "Samadhi" and keep a date with their chief.

It is always a struggle for a soldier to read and Ashok Kumar is evidently no exception.

When one does spying one has to look suspicious and Mubarak has eyes which roll easily from the silly to the suspicious angle.

Diwali

Millions of happy hearts look forward to the great event of Diwali when countless tiny lamps shine in every home and make it magical. On this glad occasion rejoicing is always expressed abundantly in music···so well provided by

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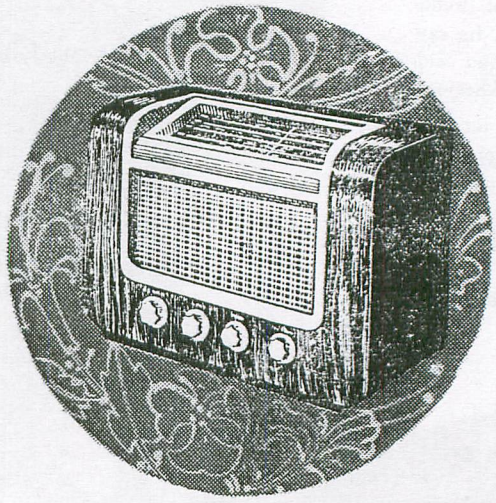

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Editor's Mail

(In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.)

Mrs. R. M. MHATRE (Bombay)

What does your dog watch and guard?

Like me he is interested in cats. But his type have tails, mine have tongues.

What will you do if the Socialists come into power?

I will eat my hat.

R. G. SADOC (Lucknow)

What apology can you give for Eve?

The fig leaf! She was honest behind it.

Which is the most comfortable dress in the world?

To be in skin.

Mrs. KAMLADEVI (Mangalore)

What is your impression of T. R. Rajkumari. the heroine of "Chandralekha"?

A woman with a pregnant chest makes the audience pop-eyed.

What do you think of the human mind?

Mind is both the cradle and grave of thought. The good ones should be nursed in its cradle while bad ones should be buried in its graveyard. Thoughts are like babies—good and bad—and some of them deserve to be still-born.

Why does Ramola attract?

Though short in height she is tall in stature.

Will any producer dare to show our heroines in bath-tubs?

That will make our Congress ministers condemn their bath buckets as so many receptacles of sin and they will have to stand under the shower taking the risk of washing off their brains.

On the October cover Jagat Pictures have advertised a picture called "Gauna". Does the word "Gauna" mean a village?

Oh, no! "Gauna" is a post-marriage Hindu ceremonial in which the child-bride who has attained puberty is taken by her husband to his home for the consummation of their marriage. In olden days when child marriages were common, sometimes even the wombs of two mothers being betrothed in anticipation of their issues, the "Gauna" ceremonial served the purpose of a courteous introduction between the bride and the bride-groom, and we found the bride glowing in blushes while the bridegroom behaving with well controlled impatience. This ceremonial is as expensive and important as the original wedding seeing that the parents give the bride everything from a spoon to a bed to equip her new home. These presents are exhibited and friends come to see the "Gauna" exhibition and go back and criticise the parents if they find a pot or a pan missing. "Gauna" is a thrilling experience to the wedded ones who, on the edge of desire, refuse to count the presents and wonder how visitors could get so much time to waste on others. "Gauna" is a ceremony in which the day looks like a month and the night like an hour. It is the honeymoon of Indian virgins.

K. SWAMINATHAN (Colombo)

What is Cuckoo's hobby?

Growing more producers.

If women are employed to control street traffic will there be more accidents?

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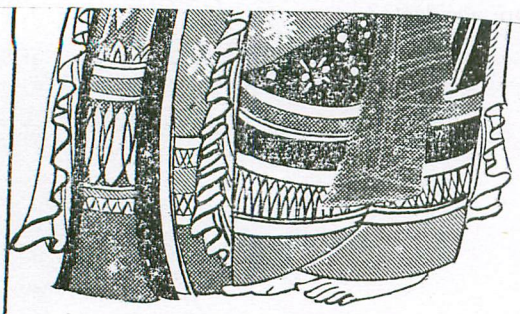

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That depends on how they look. A good looker might turn a whole street into a parking lot.

Who are the house-husbands?

Those who guard the home and wait for the wife to bring bread and cigarettes.

Once you wrote, "Journalism does not exist in India. Close down Reuters and there will be no newspapers". What have you to say now?

Still the same!

A. PUSHPAVATI (Secunderabad Dn.)

When, where and how did you deliver your maiden speech?

It was addressed to a maiden in the moonlight and she came home to roost. Since then I have stopped speaking.

MISS SUNDARI REDDY (Kurnool)

Mr. Patel, why are you always at Bombay? When are you coming down here?

Are there any producers in Kurnool? A good plant needs manure to grow and thrive.

GOPAL CHANDRA BANERJEE (Barrackpore)

Which party do you belong to?

To the Baburao Patel party which serves the film industry.

Who draws a crowd—Ashok Kumar or Yakub?

Both draw their crowds but the one asks for autographs and the other for thumb impressions.

Are you a regular brick?

No, an irregular one, with moods.

Do the goats offered to God go to heaven?

Their souls go to heaven and their flesh adds flesh to human flesh.

Would you do me the kindness of publishing Kishore Sahu's address?

Kishore Sahu, Station Road, Chembur, Bombay. He helps boys and girls to become artistes, helps story writers, makes new directors and gives general advice on all matters of the film industry. Write and try.

Is not Raj Kapoor a chip of the old block?

The old block is a blockhead in comparison with the chip.

In what picture has Mr. Sood played?

"It happened at Juhu". He played the spectator's role.

K. R. RAJAN (Bombay)

What is the difference between an ordinary club and a night club?

An ordinary club is a place which opens when Morarjis wake up, a night club is a place which opens when Morarjis sleep.

K. G. MATHUR (Ghaziabad)

Is it a blessing to lose a girl?

A loose one.

Nowadays artistes and film technicians are following in the footsteps of Hollywood and producing their own pictures on co-operative basis. Madhubala also presents us a new picture called "Pardes", a social story directed by M. Sadiq and produced by P. N. Arora. Arora and Sadiq are little Madhubala's partners in business.

Poornima is blown up a bit for this photograph but she is quite normal in "Gauna", a social story of Jagat Pictures.

Is Sardar Patel also a Banjara?

Had he been that he would have sung and danced. But he is a Patidar and therefore he frets and frowns.

How do you like the acting of our doll Kamini?

I like her acting on the screen but hate it outside the screen.

What happens after marriage?

You multiply the misfortunes of our people.

Is there any illegal relation between Chandulal and Miss Gohar?

No. They are legal partners.

Do you love Veera?

Of course, I do. She is my 'bhabhi', being Mohsin's wife.

When does romance become a blackmarket job?

When the husband acts as a stand-by for the screen hero.

I hear that Karan Dewan is fast changing his sex. How far is it true?

Yes, he is becoming more manly these days.

Can you name the would-be lucky husband of Miss Gohar?

Write and ask Miss Gohar Mamajiwalla, Dreamland, Queen's Road, Bombay. She knows best.

Did the Britishers ever plant trees as our present-day leaders do?

They planted their colonial vices and left behind a jungle of slavish inhibitions.

When does one learn politics?

When flames from the stomach climb to the head.

What will you do if kissed by an actress?

I'll get myself fumigated immediately.

Have you ever been in the arms of a girl?

Arms provide protection and is a male gesture. Women hold their lovers in their eyes.

How to break one's heart in public?

Weep like a woman and rant like a politician and the ruins of your heart will soon have a gallery of sympathisers.

T. SIMHACHALAM (Adra)

What does a bald head indicate?

Anything from an egg to a prime minister. What is inside the shell is more important than what grows over it.

TULSIDAS A. M. (Bombay)

Which is the greatest drama of your life?

The freedom of my country and the murder of our saint.

T. K. RAGHAVAN NAIR (New Delhi)

Please give a recipe for a real romance?

Pick up a fresh maid, sprinkle her with desire, put her into the oven of your heart and keep sighing. After a while you get a fine hot dish of romance.

VISHNU NARAIN SARIN (Meerut)

Is there any similarity between the family life of India and America?

It is the same all over with the rat, the cat and the brat on the same mat.

V. P. VASWANI (New Delhi)

Can there be anything blacker than the black market?

The black eyes that wink at it.

Can two wrongs make a right?

Why not if a dozen Congress politicians can make a ministry?

JAGDISH R. TRIVEDI (New Delhi)

Are the teeth of our actors clean?

And strong, the way they bite big chunks off the producers' black purses.

Mrs. GOURU CARAMBIAH (Mercara)

Who is your favourite actress and why?

Tripti Mitra, nowadays, and the reason is "Gopinath". She has eyes that scorch my soul.

Were a pretty dame to kiss you on one cheek would you show her the other?

No. A woman who doesn't know where to kiss is not worth any courtesy.

B. G. KRISHNA RAO (Vizianagram)

What is the significance of my low forehead?

Go to the zoo and look at the monkey. On his forehead you will find your reply.

MISS GISHKA (Dibrugarh)

What does an actress want from the audience?

A recommendation to her producer.

D. K. PRASADA SASTRY (Vizagapatam)

Can a granny be loved?

Producers love Suraiya's granny and she has begun to grow new hair on her bald top.

K. R. CHANNARASAPPA (Bangalore)

Is the Congress wedded to truth?

Yes, but that marriage is on the rocks these days.

MADHUKAR ANANT VAIDYA (Sholapur)

Do you have any oddity of boyhood that still continues?

As a child I used to mock at other boys. I have turned that oddity into a talent now.

MISS SUSHILA N. HAJARE (Bombay)

What form of love-making is biting?

It is the teething stage in love.

IQBAL YUSUF (Bombay)

Please say something about Dev Anand?

Red corduroy trousers, a blue shirt, greased hair and a silly look, the usual equipment of film actors.

O.M. VENKATRAM (Cocoanada)

What kind of surroundings do the lovers wish for?

They pray for a Robinson Crusoe island without even a Friday to bring them cocoanuts.

Is God the moulder of man's destiny?

He is but man often arrogates this privilege to himself.

Do you ever go to temples?

Sometimes to protect my family from the goondas who imprison God.

I don't want to marry. What do you advise?

Don't ! Even Pandit Nehru, the Prince of Prayag, has to grow cabbages these days because people don't stop growing babies.

Who is a master of politics?

The politician in power. The rest are called amateurs.

ROFIQUL HUSSAIN (Dibrugarh)

Will you please let me know the age of Munawar Sultana?

She is still at the age of desire and at that stage one doesn't refer to the calendar.

IKRAM AHMAD KHAN (Bilaspur)

Which do you think will rule the world in the end —hammer and sickle or stripes and the stars?

Hammer and sickle! They symbolise the hunger of millions.

What is our dear Baburao Patel minus his powerful pen?

A bad debt of the grocer.

Why are Communists despised?

Their methods are too violent for a peace loving people and their inspiration too alien for a free nation.

Do you think this new Suraiya Chowdhary will eclipse Suraiya?

She looks better than Suraiya and will soon get her crop of producers and productions.

What is a confession of an error?

A fresh lease for another error.

A. N. NARAYANA RAO (Mysore)

Are you air-minded?

Only when I see an attractive air-hostess— otherwise I get air-sick with the rotten tea and the more rotten breakfast.

When does oratory bore?

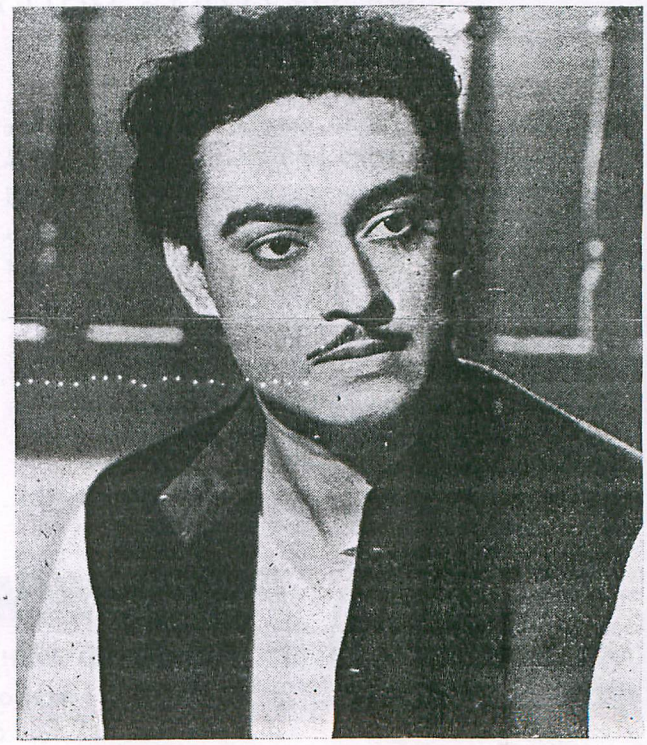
When Pattabhis start their chatter without chairs behind them.

Women should eat less lipstick?

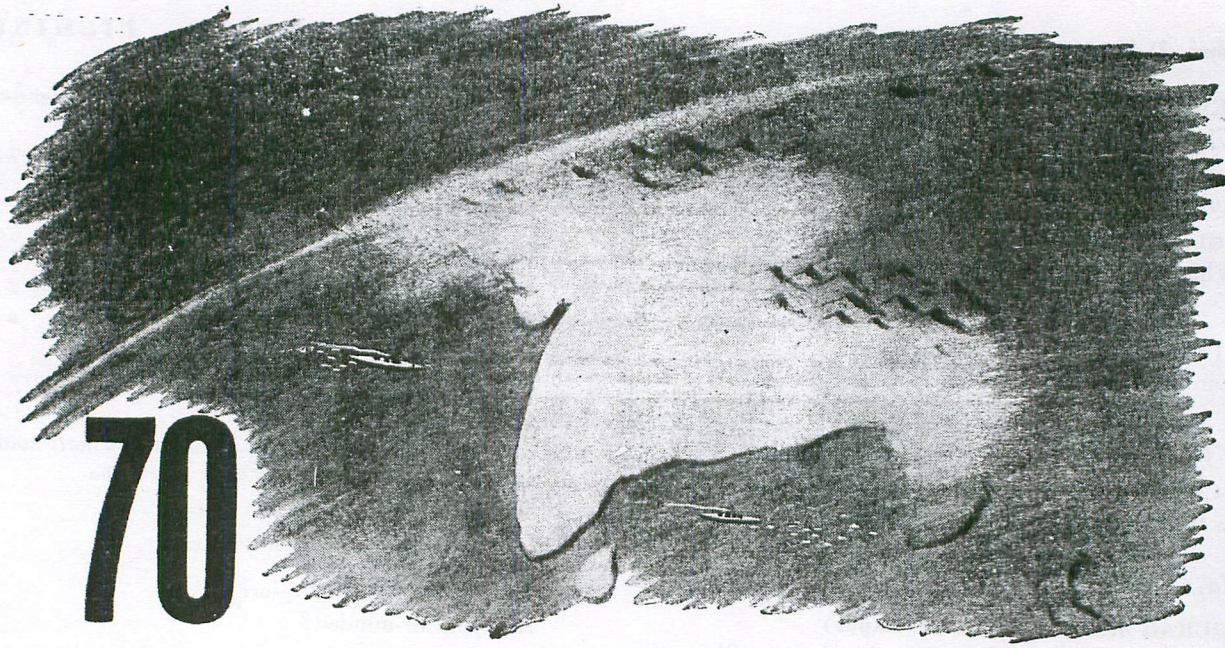
They will if men stop licking it so much.

What's a fish face?

One with a long nose constantly sniffing at a



Introducing Anoop Kumar, younger brother of Ashok Kumar. Anoop plays the lead in "Gauna", a social story of Jagat Pictures.



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Bharat Bhushan will be seen on the screen after a long time in "Ankhen", a social story produced by Goel Cine Corporation.

bait. They are often crooks with hooks of their own.

Why do some women take sleeping pills every night?

To dope their conscience.

How does a shikari feel when he misses his tigress?

Like an air traveller who misses his air hostess.

What are high heels?

Crutches of stature.

Can a man steal anything from himself?

He can steal some good thoughts and tuck them behind the back of his brain.

When does a man hold his breath?

Only a second before he starts on his trip of breathlessness.

What's embracing a wide waist?

Going round a traffic island and burning petrol unnecessarily.

What are air-minded adventurers?

Travellers who ground the air-hostesses in strange towns and hotels.

Mrs. SUVARNA B. DESAI (Bombay)

Should widows read "filmindia"?

Widows can sleep with it too. It is quite harmless.

Mrs. ELIZABETH JOSEPH (Bombay)

If a man keeps insulting me, may I knock him down or beat him?

Kick him if he is a stranger, kiss him if he is yours and leave him alone if he is a cad.

Why this tendency to peep at the black side of things first?

We live in an age of fear and insecurity with no rainbow on the horizon.

K. J. SURA (Boksburg)

Will marrying the "right person" make one happy?

It is a gamble at all times. The favourite often loses and flukes sometimes pay good dividends.

C. S. N. MURTHY (Bangalore)

"Grey Dust" is becoming the bosom friend of our college girls. Why?

Is that why I am getting sleepless nights these days? This telepathy business is terrific.

M. K. MITTER (Patna)

Is Malabar Hill a beauty spot?

It used to be before Minister Morarji shifted there. Now it is a danger zone.

RAM NIVAS (Kotah)

Is it an art to bring false tears in the eyes?

We don't wait for tears, true or false. We use glycerine.

N. RAJAGOPAL (Mysore)

What is inside a Gandhi cap?

Bugs, bears and blackmarketeers—blood suckers all!

What does Indian blood consist of?

Poverty, pestilence and politics.

Why are you working in a world of enemies?

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Enemies pay better. Friends come home to dinner.

M. V. NAIDU (Voyalpad)

Do the stars get maternity allowance and leave from the producers?

Producers often have to provide even the parentage.

Why are referees attacked in Calcutta?

Everything is attacked in Calcutta—from the Prime Minister to a tram car. The Bengalis are developing strange likes and dislikes these days.

When do people air their views?

To cool the hot-heads of the present times.

M. APPA RAO (Madras)

What does the wanton jingling of bangles of a college girl mean?

Step aside, the fire brigade is passing.

M. D. RAMTIRATH (Bombay)

Why is Morarji Desai so determined to stop racing?

He wants us to save the money and gamble on the Congress ministries.

N. L. DASWANI (Sholapur)

What is the price of desire?

Freedom, if desire gets wedded and disease if it goes loafing.

K. S. SETH (Dehra Dun)

Is it a fact that Dilip Kumar is engaged?

Yes, in a duel of forbidden love.

I like to correspond with Madhubala. Will you introduce?

Wait a little longer. She is just learning to write.

N. H. MASSAND (Ahmedabad)

I bless you Patel and may you be Birla in your next birth!

Shut up! I don't want a Mahatma to be murdered in my home.

K. C. BADRINARAYAN (Bolarum)

How is it that Nargis, the girl with a papaya face, is so popular with the masses?

Isn't papaya a popular and inexpensive fruit?

B. YESHWANT RAO (Cocoanada)

How to nurse a long nose?

Poke it in pictures and blow it in pseudo-journalism.

JAGJIT SINGH HAMDARD (Amritsar)

Is Raj Kapoor married or not?

That boy is already a father of two children. A child per picture seems to be his present blue print. Thus both Raj and his wife become producers.

PRAN NATH CHHIBER (New Delhi)

Where lies the dignity of a woman?

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Getting up a better woman every time she goes to bed.

Is war inevitable?

War is our destiny, as long as we chase peace.

What is the future of our princes?

The dead have only a past.

Can hungry people also fall in love?

Yes, in love with food.

What is the relation between economics and politics?

If there is a Congressman in between, there is no relationship.

MISS STELLA DORAISWAMI (Tanjore)

Are you as stiff as the so-called iron man of India?

Oh no! Women ride on my back, children crawl over me and friends sit on my chest.

Do you never get offended when readers ask you very personal questions?

I do but the fellows are so far away and it is expensive to travel in these times.

How much does it cost to have a room air-conditioned?

Rs. 3500/- in equipment and Rs. 60/- a month to keep the room cool.

Why does a man build castles in the air?

Because his woman wants a little home on earth. For everything that a woman demands man has to build a castle in the air.

What is make-up?

A courtesy which friends and neighbours appreciate.

Can you tolerate the use of electric crematorium in Bombay?

The dead don't mind how flesh is destroyed but the pall-bearers like to emphasize their mourning by dramatizing death. Electric cremation lacks the picturesque flames which lend a theme to the poet and the artist.

P. MADHUSUDHANA RAO (Nagpur)

"When the candles are out all women are fair". Is that so?

If it had been only a matter of candles, the divorces would not have been so many.

S. KEJRIWAL (Sambalpur)

There is a rumour that Suraiya was married recently. Is it true?

Don't worry, Suraiya will never do anything so unbusinesslike.

A. B. NAIK (Navsari)

In the censor certificates there is sometimes a triangle in a corner. What does it mean?

It means that the dhobies have done some tailoring. That is a superfluous dhobie mark which has no point seeing that no picture can be shown on the screen unless it is passed by the censors.

MISS V. KUMAR (Tellicherry)

What should one do when one is love-sick?

Take a license from society and get cured.

AKHTAR YUNUS KIDWAI (Lucknow)

Where do the so-called new finds come from: the Chauri Bazaar of Delhi or from girls' colleges?

The Muslim women often come from the Chowks and Chauri Bazaars of the cities while the Hindu girls come from the colleges.

S. NARASIMHAN (New Delhi)

How would you fancy seeing a picture in which there is no feminine character?

Even in the Congress ministries, we can't help meeting female and feminine characters. How can you miss them on the screen then?

My friend wants to marry either Suraiya or Nargis?

I have no objection.

P. K. KUNJU MOIDU (Cochin)

Is poverty an impediment to success?

Not to the wise and persevering.

K. U. KAMATH (Mangalore)

What do you think of Mr. Liyaqat Ali's recent Id speech?

He does not want our forty million Muslims to live in peace. He seems to be jealous of their secular sunshine and wants to turn them into warriors of Islamism—the new "ism" he is preaching these days. Islamism has liquidated many empires in the past and those Muslim countries which are still on the world map don't believe in this particular "ism", which is alien to the teachings of Islam.

Kishore Sahu is still at the old game with Ramola in "Kim Jhim", a social story of Hindustan Chitra.

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M. A. KHAN (Cannanore)

Why Mehboob and Kardar do not advertise their new productions in your magazine?

They do not believe in paying a non-Pakistani like me.

Why doesn't Kamini Kaushal sing?

Because whenever she does her husband starts dancing and producers don't like husbands dancing around.

D. D. TUNGIKAR (Hyderabad Dn.)

Whose nose is longer: Ishwarlal's or Veera's?

Veera's! She is almost a world-beater in this respect with the exception of Jimmy Durante.

Did Chandulal Shah give a bonus to his workers?

No! He gave it to the Socialist leaders and the trouble stopped.

BHAWANI SHANKER (New Delhi)

Pandit Nehru is an all-rounder. He can swim, ride, play badminton, billiards and ....

Save the face of the Congress ministries.

You live in luxury with a car, telephone, dog, refrigerator and an air-conditioner!

They did not fall from heaven. I worked hard for them for 25 years. I am not a Congress minister to get these things from the state.

D. N. VISWESWARIAH (Bangalore)

Why is India short of nurses?

Because our doctors are not very romantic. Patients we have in plenty but nurses need attention.

MISS KUNDA SARANG (Bombay)

Define an optimist?

A policeman who thinks that prohibition will be a success.

Why are our films so dry?

Isn't there prohibition in our country? Filmgoers are getting diphtheria from these dry films.

Are you a personality?

Come and have lunch with me and find out for yourself.

Why are you so misunderstood?

I am like the tiger in a circus with a reputation from the jungle—performing all the while and yet never relied upon.

P. VENUGOPAL (Tellicherry)

What kind of a future has Kashmir?

A glorious one—as a headache of history.

JOSEPH DEVASIA (Bombay)

When does a modern office room become lively?

A smart girl brightens even a funeral procession.

BISMIL PATHAN (Ahmedabad)

What is dollar?

The symbol of hunger and bankruptcy of millions.

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Are there talent scouts for the Indian screen?

If pimps and husbands can be called scouts we have them in plenty.

How to tolerate a snob?

Ignore him. A snob needs a gallery for his wares.

P. RAJAVELU (Madras)

Whom do you love more: your father, filmindia or your wife?

Filmindia! It makes my father happy and my wife comfortable. Men who love their work love God.

How is a brothel different from a boudoir?

In a brothel vice yields honest profits while virtue often blushes in a lady's boudoir.

C. U. SREEDHARAN (Madras)

What do you think of a girl who looks back frequently to see if a young man is walking behind her?

Counting chickens before they are hatched.

You once expressed your dislike to visit South India. Don't you have the desire to pay a visit to your wife's house?

What is there in a temple if the deity is with you?

JAISINGH S. DALAYA (Bombay)

Do all editors swim in the ocean of thoughts?

If they did, readers would be in a storm all their life.

T. A. RAMANATHAN (Poona)

Do Yankees greet Indians with open arms?

Yes, with open palms. The Yankees are a very friendly people They take money from the Indian "mahroojahs" and then sing about it. You know that popular record "The Maharaja of Magador". Play it and you get the key to the Yankee mind.

Does the future of the film industry hold promise?

Not with the Government taking all the profits.

O. RAMANA (Madanapalle)

Don't women understand reason?

They do but they don't practise it.

Which is the most unforgettable experience in your life?

Poverty. It dyes the conscience in sin.

A. S. NAIDU (Secunderabad Dn.)

Have you had any occasion to visit any famous mosque and offer prayers along with your Muslim friends?

I have been to several mosques in many parts of the world. In my own home, Sai Baba, a Muslim saint, is worshipped daily for the last 40 years.

Who is the Hindu God of love?

Kamdeo. He rides on a parrot in the company of nymphs. He carries a bow of sugarcane with a bowstring of bees and shoots different flowers into the hearts of his victims. Each flower lends a different hue and taste to a romance.

Is the Haj pilgrimage intended only for Muslims?

Not necessarily. The Hindus can also go to Mecca and pay homage to a sacred memory. Don't the Hindus, in thousands, go to the Dargahs of different Muslim saints?

What is the result of closure of cinema houses on 30th June 1948 throughout India?

The government appointed an Enquiry Committee without the authorized representatives of the film industry.

Who is the best director of India today?

India's best today is Mahesh Kaul, the man who directed "Gopinath".

AVTAR SINGH (Bombay)

Please let me know the residential address of Dilip Kumar?

Yusuf Khan, Pali Hill Road. Bandra. But he may change his address soon if the people around him are sincere.

P. PICHAYYA (Agra)

Do you want anybody to look after your dog Moti?

Moti is a communist who does not believe in employing servants. His is a world of pals controlled by the wagging of his tail.

MISS BHARATI S. HARISINGANI (Thana)

Now that you have grown old, do you walk with the help of a walking stick?

I follow Gandhiji in this respect and allow the rest of the world to follow him in other respects.

How do you get your ideas?

I think, a very simple process.

I am sure you wouldn't mind a bit if we readers console ourselves as your nieces and nephews?

You can be my daughters and sons. I am old enough to be your grandfather, seeing that one of my sons has condemned me to be one already by misusing his rushing tactics.

Now, what do you think of me?

I think you are more intelligent than that little shrimp, Bulo, in your family.

GURU SHARAN PRASAD MEHTA (Daltonganj)

Is radio a nuisance or an entertainer?

It is a menace to public health with hostile neighbours and stupid programmes.

A. B. NATESAN (Chittoor)

Johnson described a cigarette as 'a fool at one end and smoke at the other'. What about "filmindia" Mr. Patel?

Johnson at one end and Johnnies at the other.

T. R. BALASUBRAMANYAM (Madras)

What is confusion?

A meeting of film people.

What do lovers believe about each other?

They suspect each other of love.

What are the United Nations united against?

Against themselves. It is a case of a glass of milk and several cats at it.

FAZLUR R. KHAN (Nowshera)

Sir, why don't you answer questions from this part of the world?

There are a lot of questions about your part of the world for which we want answers—truthful replies and not Zafrulla's lies.

M. ZAMAN (Gauhati)

How does a Communist eat his bread?

From the hand of another. It is lucky that he uses his own teeth at least.

Some scientists say that we have descended from the monkeys; then where have our tails gone?

The monkeys kept the tails and passed on the rest of their tricks to us.

MISS V. LAKSHMI (Bangalore)

What is the use of living in a dream world?

To make plans! Then step out into the real world and execute them. Dreams can be useful blueprints to wise and practical men.

VISVANATHAN SUBRAHMANYAM (Poona)

Is Dalmia a vegetarian?

Not in his bed, may be in his bread.

If socialists come to rule what would happen?

They won't come to rule so nothing will happen. Don't worry yourself unnecessarily.

Indians who visit foreign countries usually return with some memsahib from there. Then why didn't you do so?

I went with my Indian memsahib and the Yankees wanted to come to India.

KHURSHEED BANU (Melvisharam)

What is the difference between a fanatic and a lunatic?

The same between a crescent and a full moon.

Generally I don't like to spend more than two hours for any Hindi picture however good it may be; what can be the matter with my poor brain?

It has still got a bit of Urdu in it, even after two years of secular freedom.

Mrs. SHANTA P. SHAH (Ahmedabad)

How nice would it be if people acted with morality and high principles as depicted in pictures! Why do they not?

If they did we won't have any motion pictures. All trades thrive on the weaknesses of human beings. Even God is worshipped out of fear.

PURUSHOTTAM RAJ (Kathmandu)

If drinking is a vice, what is smoking?

Punctuation of the vice.

Mrs. T. DAVIDSON (Guntur)

"A heaven on earth", what is it?

A mirage of the human mind.

A. M. T. FAZALULAH (Madras)

What will Chandulal Shah do with his race horses after 1953?

Nargis has a beautiful role to play in "Meena Bazar", a social theme produced by Dalsukh Pancholi.

He will present them to the Congress ministers and we shall see the Caesars riding through the streets.

T. P. JHUNJHUNWALA (Kanpur)

What is the root of anger?

Ego, the tumour in the human mind which arrogates to itself even the divinity of God.

What would have been our fate if there would have been no Gandhiji, Nehruji and Patelji?

We would still have Rajaji, Pantji, Morarji and Munshiji. As long as there is a single "ji" left our fate would be the same.

As yet I have seen no Ranjit picture. Am I lucky?

As lucky as Chandulal Shah who won the Derby twice.

MISS G. A. MOHNI (Bombay)

What is meant by a fade-out in cinema slang?

It is often the point where the writer's imagination ends.

LAKSHMI VENKATRAMAN (Madras)

What is the general attitude of men frustrated in love?

They slander women. A frustrated lover makes a dangerous gossipmonger.

MISS S. SARASWATI (Madras)

A man jumped into the lion's cage of the Madras Zoo and committed suicide. What do you think of that?

He made the lion a murderer. That's how people live—even in dying they involve someone. Isn't it wicked?

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H. S. VENKATA RAO (Mysore)

Are communists traitors?

Heavens, no! They are patriots in a terrible hurry but on the wrong track.

Which is the best religion?

The one you suck in your infancy.

Whenever I see Surendra I feel like slapping him. Why?

Please don't! You will spoil his powder and lipstick.

PUSHPA NAIK (Surat)

Pandit Omkarnath, does he know something?

He is a good musician who sings beautifully during the first hour. But he often spoils his shows with his bragging. A musician must sing and not talk nonsense.

N. V. R. SWAMY (Negapatam)

Why is a child innocent?

Where did you find one? Watch the next one you see for an hour and you will know what a devil it is.

K. SHAKUNTALA (Hubli)

Please define 'surgical knife'?

The instrument that made a ten-inch mark on my abdomen.

Are there no beggars in America?

Wherever there are riches there are beggars. Poverty is born in the dark shadows of wealth just as sin lurks in the dark recesses of a temple.

Are you afraid of snakes and scorpions?

I am afraid of our self-righteous Congress ministers. You can't kill them with a stick.

There is only one Baburao Patel in India. Why is this so?

Because my mother died when I was only two years old and my father did not get an equally good chance.

Why do you say you have no enemies?

Because I am not afraid of anyone. Enemies are products of one's own fear.

Y. D. GOKHALE (Nagpur)

Life grows in sunshine. What happens in darkness?

Desire produces a spark.

M. VENKATESAN (New Delhi)

How old is Manorama?

A daughter old.

R. P. MANSUKH (New Delhi)

Why do modern girls like a large circle of admirers?

Admiration is oxygen to youth and women have blossomed on it through ages.

SOMCHAND B. RATHOD (Bombay)

What is your advice to young girls who desire to join the film line?

Look before you leap.

CHHAGAN LAL GEHLOT (Jodhpur)

Why is 'Sardar' attached to Chandulal?

Because of the common complexion, I guess.

HAZARI I. N. (Bombay)

What do you do on a rainy day?

I find out the leaks in my roof and proceed to repair them.

Suppose Morarji Desai bans 'filmindia', what will you do?

The problem is what would he do? That is all the humour Morarjibhai gets in his hum-drum life. In fact that is all the stuff we have in this entire country—stuff which is keeping people away from Communism.

HAR KALI MUKERJI (Jubbulpore)

What kind of clothes do lovers wear?

They dress themselves in desire.

MISS SUMATI BHALERAO (Bombay)

Should women dabble in politics?

They shouldn't but they don't listen.

Does the progress of a nation depend upon women?

If population is progress, women must be described as the wheels of time.

DEWAN G. KHUSHALANI (Kalyan)

Can you please tell me once what sort of questions you like?

I like unusual questions which are not found in the university examination papers.

N. N. MAGOTRA (Simla)

What would be 'filmindia' without the Honourable Baburao Patel?

It would be Rao Saheb D. K. Parker in his most clumsy dress.

T. V. SUBRAMANIAM PILLAI (Coimbatore)

The government has now lifted the ban on R.S.S. What is your opinion?

The Congress will score at the polls. They should now scrap prohibition.

K. N. RAO (Bombay)

Why do they call Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel as the 'iron man'?

I don't know why. He is a softy like me who has made his reputation a shield of self-defence.

SURENDRA GEDAM (Saugor)

What makes me love my wife although she is not so beautiful?

A wife is a bed habit and habit is second nature.

G. HARCHARAN SINGH (Perak, Malaya)

Have you ever built castles in the air?

I did when I was in my teens and since then I have been struggling to put foundations under them.

Do I flatter you if I say that yours is the best Indian film magazine I have so far come across?

You don't. It is the best film magazine in the world and better people have said so.

RAJ KEJDIWAL (Kanpur)

What have you to say about those ministers who have cases of rape pending against them?

What about those who have raped and escaped? That is a greater problem.

S. V. NARASIMHASWAMY (Secunderabad Dn.)

Can Sardar Patel sing and play?

No, but he is very fond of dancing and maintains a princely troupe which often begins a performance at four in the morning.

EHSAN U. KHAN (Bilaspur)

What is silence?

A punctuation of noise.

Can you define sleep?

A daily rehearsal of the ultimate.

M. V. GANAPATHY (Madras)

Who is a wealthy producer?

The trash and cash pedlar.

SHASHI MEHROTRA (Kanpur)

Is Nigar as funny in her daily life as she shows in "Sunehre Din"?

She is funnier but the producers don't seem to like all her fun. They want to sell fun not pay for it.

BALGANGADHAR (Jeypore)

What is a sophisticated wife?

Sex between two cigarettes.

PONS ANIAH (Mercara)

Why do men have many pockets whereas women manage with only a bag?

Men are polygamous by nature. And for every new bed they need a new pocket. These are days of pocket Venuses.

BASHAMBAR LAL GUPTA (New Delhi)

When does a girl become mature nowadays?

When the cloth shortage becomes painfully obvious.

Mrs. PISTA JAIPURIA (Kanpur)

What is the duration of film marriages?

Some are long and boring features, the rest are short documentaries.

Whose body is more suitable for dancing: Rehana's or Cuckoo's?

Cuckoo's! The girl has both grace and figure. Rehana looks like a little bucket placed on a tub.

K. ABDUL AZEEZ (Cannanore)

Is eating good for health?

It used to be once. Now food eats off the health

S. N. KHOSLA (New Delhi)

Does familiarity always breed contempt?

Madhubala gives an eloquent performance in "Hanste Ansu", a social story produced by K. B. Lall for Akash Chitra.

Not between a man and his dog nor between the corpses in the same graveyard.

POORAN CHANDRA PANDEY (Lucknow)

Your answers to our queries possess a feminine touch. How would you explain that?

There is art in them and art is feminine.

G. LAKSHMI (Bangalore)

Do you follow Gandhiji's ideals?

I follow their fate at the hands of Gandhiji's dangerous followers.

G. V. PRASAD (Masulipatam)

What is the dominating factor in your life?

Work. I take holidays to work.

K. S. SANKARA NARAYANAN (New Delhi)

What should be the goal of a journalist?

To make money. Rest of the virtues come with money.

Can you mention one case in India where both husband and wife are film stars as in Hollywood?

Al Nasir-Meena; Al Nasir-Manorama and once again Al Nasir-Veena.

J. BHASKARA RAO (Bapatla)

Are you already bald?

Not yet, but I am improving fast and hope to become a Jawaharlal Nehru within three years.

J. HAZARI (New Delhi)

Don't be shy; do you accept money from the back door while reviewing the pictures?

I have been waiting at the front door for 25 years and I have not yet heard a single producer knocking.

JAYANT KR. MOHAPATRO (Patna)

Now that we have women bus-conductors how about postwomen?

A good idea! That will save us the trouble of reading letters and turn the town into a market place of gossip.

Why don't women learn boxing?

They specialize in fencing—with the tongue. It is a finer game.

Is courtship an art?

Only if it yields a benefit without having to forge a bond.

S. C. KHURANA (New Delhi)

What is the difference between music and noise?

A radio or a gramophone in your home is a musical instrument. It is a noise box in your neighbour's house.

A. NAJMUNISSA BEGUM (Melvisharam)

What is civil marriage?

Taking a license to be licentious in love.

I hear that you are going to retire from 'filmindia' because you are afraid of the producers, but I don't believe it.

Nor do I. Quite a few producers are scared of me and are thinking of leaving for Pakistan these days.

S. K. CHOPRA (New Delhi)

Differentiate between 'miss the catch' or 'catch the miss'?

When you miss that catch the other fellow bats but when you catch the miss you do. It is the cricket of life.

When everybody calls you an ass, it is time to bray. Is it correct?

That is right and then they call you a damn ass.

MISS MOHINI GUL (Kuala Lumpur)

Is patience really a virtue?

Not when you give a long rope to a disloyal wife.

I know of a damsel who at 40 goes to bed with a doll. What have you got to say?

It is either a rehearsal of delayed motherhood or a consolation for a denied one.

C. L. VASUDEVAN (Bombay)

A female is called the fair sex, what would you call a male?

Fairer sex, considering the nonsense he has stood since the days of Adam.

D. WILLIAM MOSES (Tanjore)

How would you describe a journalist who steals ideas from "filmindia"?

Captain Kidd on Treasure Island.

Do you think that the adult franchise would ensure the election of the right and proper persons to the legislature?

It will be a case of donkeys voting for mules because they look like horses.

When you meet the film producers what do they generally talk to you?

They inquire about my health. I am a professional sick man these days and producers know how my health affects their prospects.

How can a happily married man be spotted?

With a microscope.

I hear there is a dearth of teachers everywhere. Then why can't you send your wife (who is an M.A. L.T.) for employment?

Who will teach me then? Are you anxious to lose a good editor?

Mrs. INDRA KUMARI JAIN (Mainpuri)

When people haven't got enough to feed, why do they breed?

In this country of kill-joy morals, the only licensed entertainer is the wife and when she entertains, the entertainment tax has to be nursed in cradles.

Doesn't your awfully busy daily routine annoy your wife? If it does, how do you apologize?

I don't have to apologize. My wife works with me every minute.

V. K. FAZLUR RAHMAN (Bangalore)

Who is Suraiya's favourite director?

The one on the set.

I feel like burning up the screen when I see pictures starring Shanta Apte?

Then see "Swayam Siddha". You'll like Shanta's work.

Is it a sin to criticize a government?

Sin and virtue be damned. It is our birthright to criticise a government which meddles with our life.

What would you call a wife who calls her husband "namak haram"?

A Muslim wife. Hindu wives never utter such words.

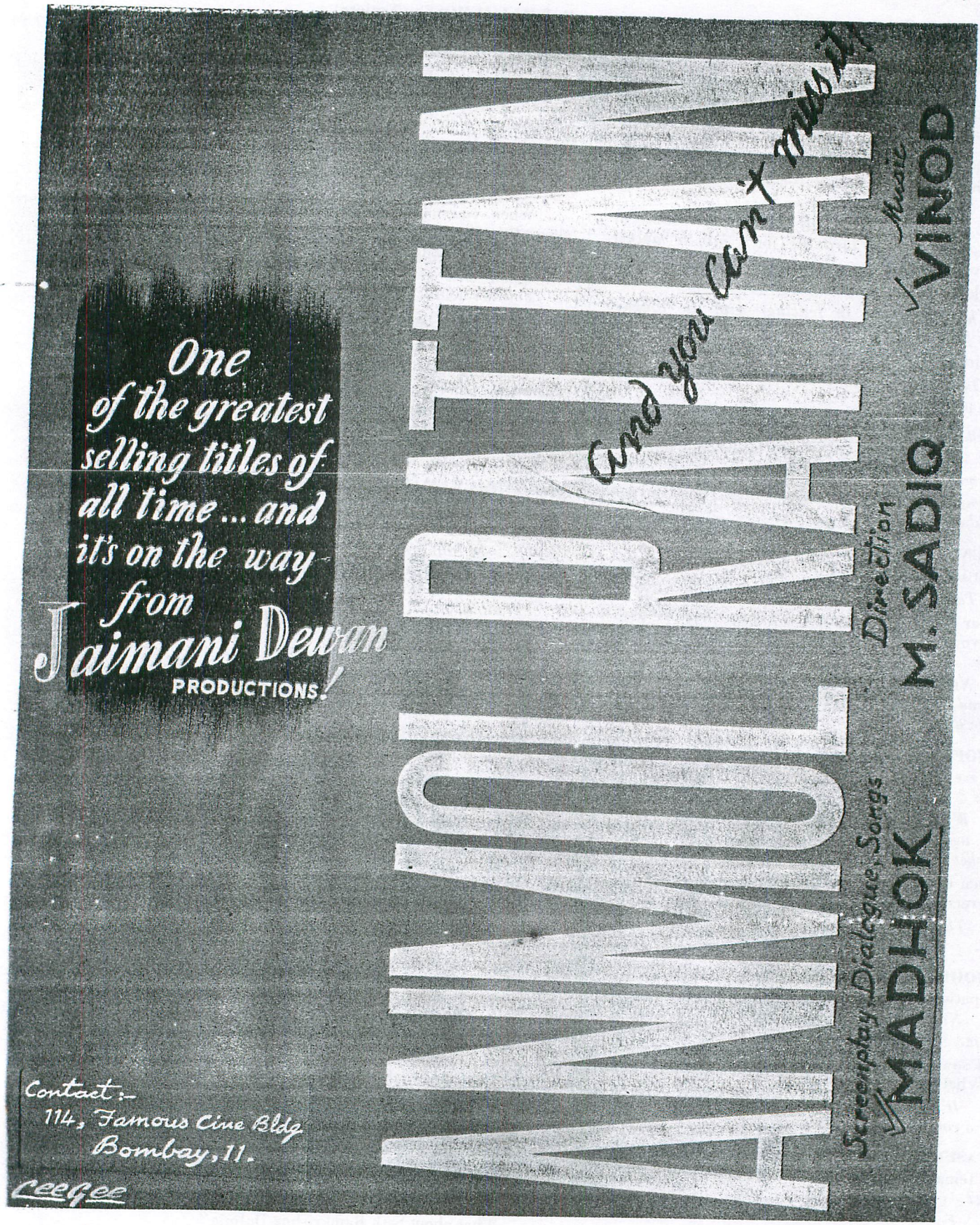
P. N. BHONSALE (Kolhapur)

Some say you are a Gujarati, others swear that you are a Mahratta while a few insist on your being a Mohammedan. So please let me know what you are?

I am all that and more. I am an Indian.

A. BABU RAO (Secunderabad Dn.)

What about Seth Ramkrishna Dalmia?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Has he married again?

V. R. S. COLACO (Bombay)

Are you afraid of beautiful women?

Does a devotee run away from his altar?

Can a man become a Catholic only in order to marry a Catholic girl?

One who changes his religion with his bed is a poor follower of any religion.

USHA NAYYAR (Dehra Dun)

What reigns in your office—democracy or dictatorship?

Dictatorship—because I believe in efficiency.

IVOR G. J. D'SOUZA (Ahmedabad)

Why do you blow your own trumpet too loud and too long?

Because the world around is deaf and uncharitable and the grocer is punctual.

RATANCHAND DADHICH (Jodhpur)

Are children the symbols of happy married life?

They are proofs of accidents of harmony.

P. A. VISWANATH (Calicut)

Are not women satisfied with their present position of being the queens of the kitchen?

Nowadays they appoint their 'regents' in the kitchen and invade the ball-rooms to help their husbands go up.

Naseem, beautiful and wistful, gives a good account of herself in "Chandni Raat", a social story produced and directed by M. Ehsan.

M. S. VENKATANARANAPPA (Mysore)

What do you think of an adolescent's love for an actress?

A dhobie's problem.

Mrs. SANDHYA NAG (Shillong)

What do men notice in a modern girl?

The same old-fashioned equipment which made Adam's eyes stray from Eve to the apple.

MISS GANGU KUSHALPA (Mercara)

In America, how much is a man worth?

He is worth six days in a week.

PURUSHOTTAM L. KHANDALKAR (Poona)

Which is the best time to tackle a girl?

Parking time.

Mrs. VEDAVATI NARAYAN (Bangalore)

What will you do if you are ship-wrecked on an island solely inhabited by women and no men?

Tell me the name of this island. I'll take a ship there and wreck it.

M. SHASHI (Bombay)

What is the fate of those poor husbands who marry lady doctors?

Their pleasure is described as an operation.

N. R. JETLEY (Ajmer)

How many tons of gold must this earth be possessing?

Enough to make the world jaundiced and pop-eyed.

H. A. RAHMAN (Melvisharam)

If there were no gold and silver what would women do for their ornaments?

There would still be bones and stones. A woman is never satisfied with her natural attractions.

B. K. CHAUDRI (Simla)

What is a 'happy accident'?

A good wife.

HARI K. BARKAKATI (Doom Dooma, Assam)

Is life really a tale told by an idiot?

But illustrated by an intelligent man.

USMANKHAN SIRGUROH (Bombay)

What is the difference between a 'miss' and a 'virgin'?

'Miss' is a social label, 'virgin' is a physical diagnosis.

Mrs. CHAYA DEVI (Bangalore)

Do we still want 'cottage' industries?

Contact :

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I don't know whether we want them or not but the most prosperous cottage industry these days is distilling illicit liquor. Almost every cottage smells like a brewery these days.

A. RASHID BUTT (Karachi)

Why is Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel so popular in India?

Because he is very unpopular in Pakistan.

How does Sood like Kamini Kaushal, his touch-me-not wife?

She is playing up to the description these days and Sood is a worried man.

JAWAHIR S. THANVI (Bombay)

When bank balances and brains unite what happens?

Tatas and Birlas are born.

How has inflation hit you?

My dog has started swallowing a hundred rupees a month.

If women had no curves. . . . ?

Men would not have built homes.

ARSHAD FAHMI AZIMABAH (Patna)

The blue sky, the white clouds, and the red flowers make me sing. Why?

You have an attractive neighbour. What is her name?

MISS VINODINI CHAUDHARY (Bombay)

Are you moved by tears?

Only those which burn the eyes. The others which merely wash the eyes irritate me.

MISS LILY CHOUDHURY (Bankura)

What is the function of sighs in love?

It makes love poetic and painful and therefore more satisfying.

T. A. R. DOMINICK (Pathankot)

How can we improve our standard of living?

Improve your earning power by hard work during the day and cut down your family by less hard work during the remaining hours. When you have less mouths to feed you fill the stomachs better.

SREEDHAR P. K. (Alyur)

Why is the face turned towards the sky in prayer?

Because on the earth the devils have crowded out God.

ABDUL A. GANI (Bombay)

What do you do when people flatter you?

People flatter me in a language which good people of the world call abuse. I can't retaliate in the same language, so I stay flattered.

BEPIN BEHARI TANDON (Jhansi)

I dreamt last night that you are a Communist?

That dream may come true one day if our Congress ministers continue their present mess.

Do you believe in nudism?

In the bed and bath.

P. V. KAMATH (Mangalore)

Can a frequent smiling face of a woman be taken as a token of her real love?

A smiling face is the reflection of a smiling heart and the heart smiles only in love and harmony.

25 PRIZES EVERY MONTH

In response to the demand of numerous readers, Filmindia Publications Ltd., have decided to give copies of Editor Patel's book "Grey Dust" as prizes for questions which are considered interesting or elicit interesting replies in "Editor's Mail".

The prize scheme has therefore been revised as follows:

1st Prize: Rs. 90|- and one copy of "Grey Dust"; 2nd Prize: Rs. 70|- and a copy; 3rd Prize: Rs. 40|- and a copy; 4th Prize: Rs. 30|- and a copy; 5th Prize: Rs. 20|- and a copy and 20 Consolation Prizes of one copy of "Grey Dust" each.

A reader can ask as many questions as he likes. Questions should be neatly written or typed if possible. Unless the letters are signed, they won't be considered.

In awarding prizes the Editor's decision shall be final and absolutely binding and no correspondence will be entertained.

The names of the prize-winners will be announced in "filmindia" every month and the prize money will be remitted by money order while the copies of "Grey Dust" will be sent by registered post.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR NOVEMBER

1st Prize to K. G. Mathur (Ghaziabad); 2nd Prize to Mrs. Kamladevi (Mangalore); 3rd Prize to A. N. Narayana Rao (Mysore); 4th Prize to Mrs. Pista Jaipuria (Kanpur); 5th Prize to Ehsan U. Khan (Bilaspur) and 20 consolation prizes to the following:— Mrs. R. M. Mhatre (Bombay); R. G. Sadoc (Lucknow); K. Swaminathan (Colombo); A. Pushpavati (Secunderabad Dn.); T. K. Raghavan Nair (New Delhi); Vishnu Narain Sarin (Meerut); V. P. Vaswani (New Delhi); N. R. Jetley (Ajmer); Mrs. Sandhya Nag (Shillong); M. S. Venkatanaranappa (Mysore); Mrs. Indra Kumari Jain (Mainpuri); S. N. Khosla (New Delhi); P. Rajavelu (Madras); T. A. Ramanathan (Poona); Jagjit Singh Hamdard (Amritsar); Miss Stella Doraiswami (Tanjore); Rofiqul Hussain (Dibrugarh); A. B. Naik (Navsari); D. D. Tungikar (Hyderabad Dn) and N. H. Massand (Ahmedabad). Money Orders and copies are being sent to all the prize winners.

ANOTHER BOX-OFFICE HIT

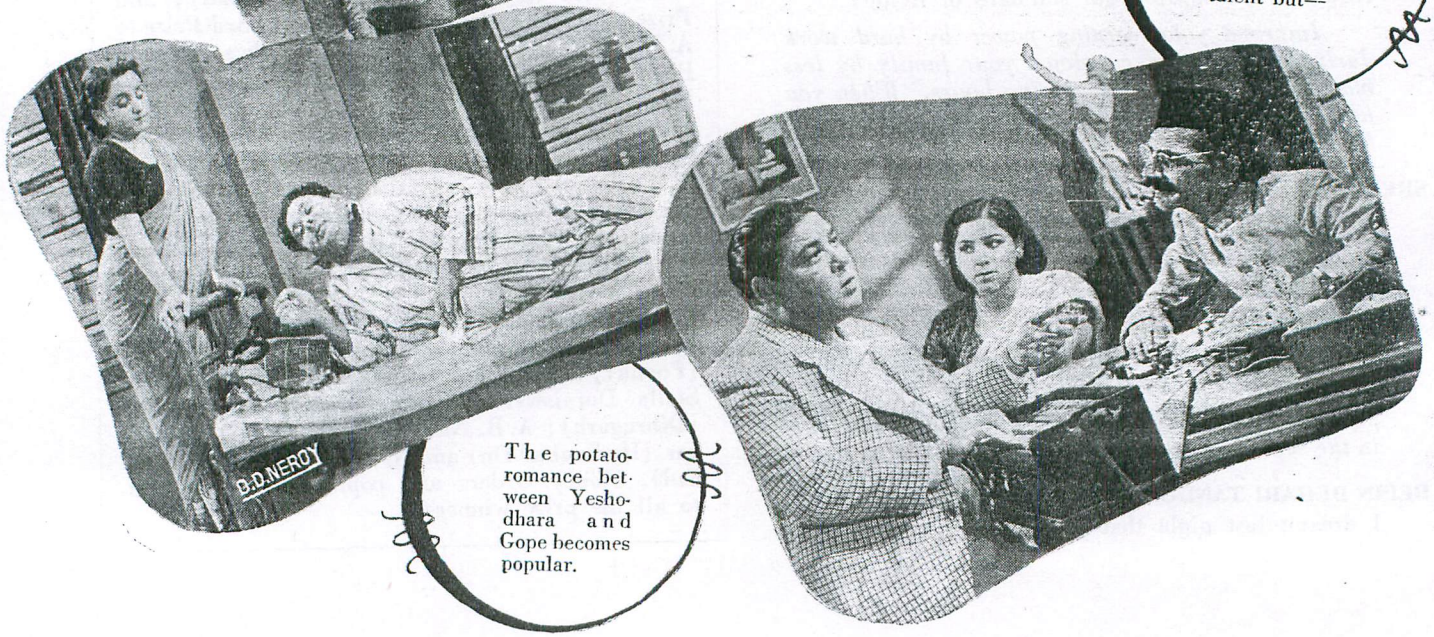
Mr. Baburao Pai, chief of Famous Pictures, is scoring fast. Once again he has given another box-office hit which is regaling filmgoers at the Imperial Cinema in Bombay.

"Hamari Manzil" is Producer D. D. Kashyap's sixth success in a row—a feat no other producer has yet achieved. How Kashyap does it every time is his trade secret.

"Hamari Manzil" is a tickling entertainment which wins the audience that comes to see a picture again and again. With Prem Adib singing to Nirupa Roy and the girl sighing back in love, with Gope frowning at Yeshodhara Katju in a cat-and-dog domestic felicity and with Gyani, Badri Prasad, Randhir and Raj Mehra doing their excellent bits, "Hamari Manzil" has truly become a substantial mass entertainer.

She has seen him—the lover of her life-time—and Nirupa Roy bursts out into a song.

It is a purely musical situation which Raj Mehra doesn't seem to like.



Gope takes the harmonium to an office to sell his musical talent but—

The potato-romance between Yeshodhara and Gope becomes popular.

PEEPS FROM HAMARI MANZIL
A FAMOUS PICTURE

It is the Hindu festival of lights and Nirupa Roy has also a light burning within her.

When heroes wear those jackets they take their sweethearts to the village rivers.

Romance lends a tickle to the feet and lovers dance in youthful ecstasy.

Nirupa Roy has eyes that smile and no wonder Prem Adib goes crazy.

THE INIMITABLE

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Presents the most reputed trio

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IN

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Produced & Directed by:

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NIGAR SULTANA —
One of the prettiest stars of the Indian screen, Nigar is often seen on the screen these days. In "Sangeeta" produced by Sudha Pictures and directed by Ramanlal Desai, Nigar plays a musical role which will be remembered for a long time to come by filmgoers.

SHE PIECES TOGETHER

Starring

NARGIS, SHYAM
KARAN DEWAN
KULDIP KAUR, SHYAMA
SURAIYA CHOUDHARY
GYANI, GULAB, JOHAR
BABY TABASSUM, JUGNU
& YAKUB

Written & Produced by

QAMAR JALALABADI

Directed by

SHANTI KUMAR

Music

HUSANLAL BHAGATRAM

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n & Sind-Baluchistan: ART PICTURES, Lahore; Delhi & U.P.: SHIVSARANDAS KIDARNATH, Delhi;
Bengal: MANSATA FILM DISTRIBUTORS, Calcutta 13.

MEENA KUMARI—

Pursuing his policy of giving stellar opportunities to the unknown artistes of the industry, Acharya Kishore Sahu has given Meena Kumari an attractive role in "Hamara Ghar", a social theme directed by Nanabhai Bhatt for Hindustan Chitra.

NASEEM—

Charming and beautiful as ever, Naseem is one of our most popular stars. Once again she stars in two pictures. "Chandni Raat" and "Ajeeb Larki", both social stories produced by Taj Mahal Pictures and directed by Mr. M. Ehsan.

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DURGA KHOTE
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K.N. SINGH
RANDHIR
MADAN PURI

OUR NEXT

"Mehfil"

PARO DEVI

An excellent dancer, Paro Devi is now producing her own picture called "Kisi-ki-yad". It is a social story with a romantic theme and Paro Devi plays the leading role. The picture is directed by Mr. Chaturbhuj Doshi and is produced by Paro Art Concern.

MAKARAND FILMS

Presents.

SHANTA APTE

(COURTESY S.A. CONCERNS)

in

"मैं अबला नहीं हूं"

MAI ABALA NAHIN HOON

with ROHINI, BABY ASHALATA

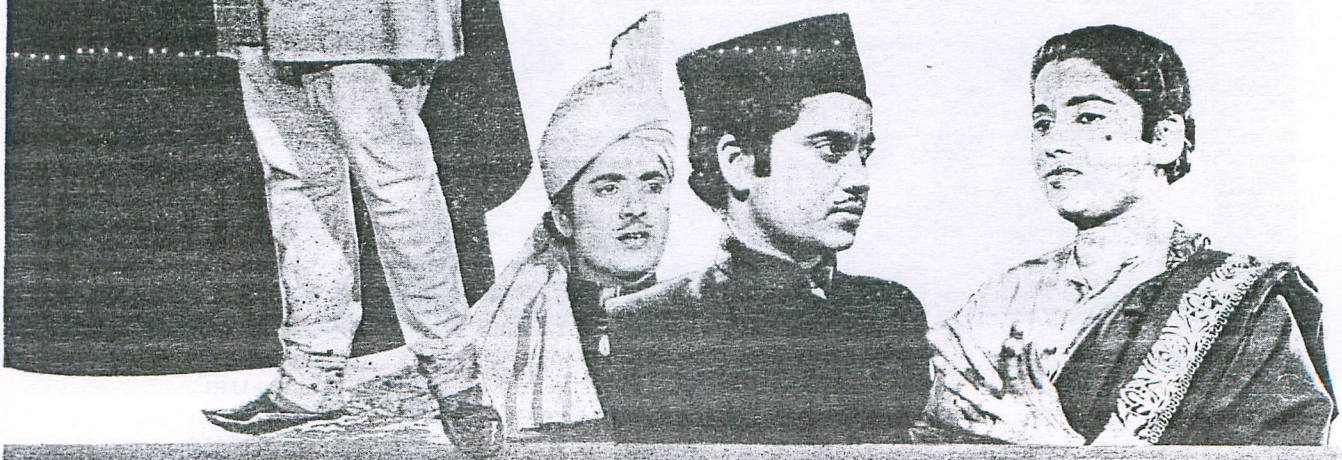
JASAWANT, BABURAO APTE (COURTESY S.A.CONCERNS)

RAJA NENE, RAJA PARANJAPE

NARBADA SHANKAR AND OTHERS.

Music by SHANTA APTE & M.GOLWALKAR

Directed by SHANTARAM ATHAWALE



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GULAM MOHAMAD

Screen Play
M. SADIQ

✓Songs
SHAKIL BADAYUNI

Art Direction
M. R. ACHREKAR
GANGNAIK

Dialogue
AZM BAZIDPURI

Photography
DWARKA DIVECHA

Editing :
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OUR REVIEW

"Dillagi", A Disgusting Slander Of Hindu Virgins !

Censors Must Re-view This Picture !

"Dillagi" is a typical Kardar picture—good in music and technical values but poor in theme and story-telling. This time the story is also objectionable and insulting to the Hindus.

DILLAGI

Producers: **Kardar Productions**
Language: **Hindustani**
Story & Dialogue: **Azm Bazidpuri**
Songs: **Shakil Badayuni**
Music: **Naushad**
Photography: **Dwarkadas Divecha**
Audiography: **Minoo Katrak**
Cast: **Suraiya, Shyam, Sharda, Amar, Agha Mehraj etc.**
Released At: **Liberty, Bombay**
Date of Release: **30th September 1949**

Directed By
A. R. KARDAR

In this picture Kardar shows a young Hindu maiden being packed off to a stranger's house in his wedding "doli" without the man and the girl being married. The young girl is made temporarily unconscious and sent away to another man's house as his wife. The man believes that she is his wedded wife but the girl knows that she has not been married to the man. And yet Kardar makes the young Hindu maiden, and an orthodox village girl at that, stay at the man's house for days, accept her fate as his wife by moving about in his home and bedroom, stand his beating and manhandling and permit herself to be thrown into a dungeon—all this without a protest.

Mamu, the villain of the story, arranges a marriage between Mala, the heroine and Jyoti a young man of another village. This proposed marriage is against the wishes of Mala who loves Swaroop, the hero. At the time of the wedding Mala's girl-friends substitute a dumb woman, Gungi, in place of Mala, and Jyoti is married to Gungi according to Hindu rites. When Mamu discovers this trick he hits Gungi, the legitimate bride now, with his stick and makes her unconscious. He also stuns Mala, hiding in a box, in a similar manner. He removes Mala from the box and puts Gungi there while Mala is made to sit on a stool in place of Gungi. He now rushes the girls to send away the 'bride' with the bridegroom in his covered "doli".

ONLY STUNNED!

The girls not knowing the exchange, lead Mala to the "doli" and put her inside. Mala is not so unconscious as to be carried. She is merely stunned because she is shown walking in a sort of a stupor. In normal circumstances Mala should have come round within ten or fifteen minutes and jumped out of the "doli" and run back home, knowing fully well that she was not married to anyone, least of all to Jyoti, the bridegroom in whose "doli" she was being taken.

But the "doli" is taken with its burden of an illegitimate bride—a kidnapped young virgin after the Pakistan fashion. Mala evidently does not become conscious during the journey though she is merely stunned.

JUST IMAGINE!

Gungi being dumb cannot tell the story of her bridal adventure and Mala's father believes that his daughter, Mala, is correctly wedded. Mamu, the villain, knows the secret but a villain is not expected to confess. But the fifteen girl-friends of Mala also know what has happened. They know that Mala has not been married to Jyoti. They know that Mala has been sent as a bride to a stranger's house. These girls are previously shown as smart and fiery types who carry lathies and behave like the Ku Klux Klan. Mala is their best friend. And yet these 15 girls keep quiet and allow the unpardonable sin and crime of sending an unwedded virgin to a wrong man to be perpetrated. Seeing that Mamu had turned the tables on them in this vicious manner, these Hindu maidens ought to have rushed to Mala's father and made a clean breast of the whole affair and saved Mala, their best friend, from being defiled by a stranger who was not married to her.

The cheeroot is Gope's size and both feature together in "Meena Bazar", a social story of Pancholi Productions.

But what does Kardar, a Muslim, care for the religious and spiritual sentiment of the Hindus? What does Kardar, a Punjabi Muslim, know about the sacred sentiments which Hindus nurse about the chastity of their women?

INSULT AND INJURY!

He sends an unwedded Hindu virgin to a stranger's house and hurts the Hindus. But when he shows the stranger labouring under the privilege of being a rightful husband of an unwedded Hindu virgin, he adds insult to injury. The whole affair sounds like the Pakistani method of obtaining Hindu maidens.

And Mala, when we see her next on her feet, is found clinging to the bed in the bedroom of the man. She doesn't protest at this cruel and sinful joke. She just sheds a tear or two while telling her story to the man's sister and resigns herself to her fate of being a mistress of a stranger. Days pass but her behaviour is uniform. How could any Hindu virgin tolerate this sinful masquerade for a minute and not bring the skies down? Besides, Mala is first introduced by Kardar as a spirited girl who actually canes Swaroop, the hero, in their very first meeting. How can a girl like Mala, who can cane a full-size man like Swaroop, keep quiet for days

MUNAWAR SULTANA
REHMAN • GOPE
KAMAL • PRATIMA DEVI • SEETA BOSE
RAMESH SINHA • NIRANJAN SHARMA
JANKI DAS

प्यार की मंज़िल

DIRECTED BY
KEKI MISTRY

Music : HUSNLAL BHAGATRAM. Produced by SHARAF. Prod. Controller A.K.SAWANT

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and agree to be the virtual mistress of a man to whom she was not married?

Kardar must tell us another. There is no particular drama obtained in twisting events in such a crude and sinful manner as to hurt the religious susceptibilities of the Hindus.

This incident of a Hindu virgin being packed off with a wrong man and living in his house as an unwedded wife, knowing fully well that she was not married to the man, is outrageous in the extreme.

PRODUCTION CODE VIOLATED

It grossly slanders Hinduism and attacks its entire womanhood in the most vile manner. And the insult becomes unbearable when it is flung by a Muslim in an ugly and uncouth manner.

What were the censors doing when they saw this picture? Couldn't they realize the implications of this ugly scene? Would any of them send their virgin, unmarried daughters to masquerade as wives to the houses of strangers?

If Hindu virgins can be disposed off so easily by pushing them into wrong "dolis" where is the earthly sense in making them go through an expensive religious ceremony of marriage?

And the Production Code says: "All religions and religious ceremonies shall be treated with respect".

Is this the way of treating religious ceremonies with respect—by sending a virgin, unwedded maiden as a bride to a stranger's house to be outraged and molested?

The Production Code also says: "Ridiculing or indicting a whole nation, its race or people, its creeds, culture ..... shall not be permitted".

What else is this marriage incident if not so much ridicule heaped on the creed and culture of the Hindus of India? Kardar, the Muslim, perhaps wants to prove that Hindu maidens can be easily transported anywhere wedded or unwedded and handed over to anyone, husband or no husband.

The Production Code also states: "Noble ideals such as truth, justice, chastity, charity etc. shall not be ridiculed".

BLIND CENSORSHIP

If sending an unwedded virgin to a stranger's house to be outraged and molested is not ridiculing the noble ideal of chastity what else is it?

The Production Code also says: "Sanctity of the institution of marriage and respect of the home shall be maintained".

May we know how Kardar has maintained the sanctity of the institution of Hindu marriage when he replaces the wedded bride with an unwedded virgin and sends her to a stranger's home as his wife? Even by marrying a dumb, ugly old woman to a young man, Kardar ridicules the Hindu institution of marriage and wants to show to the world how blind and stupid the Hindus are in their marriages the way they marry even the deaf and dumb without caring to check up.

The Production Code says: "No picture which will lower the moral standards of those who see it shall be presented".

What else does this filthy picture do but demoralise the people who see it? When a picture shows an unwedded virgin being kidnapped and sent to another man as his legitimate wife, would it not lower their morals?

It is surprising how the censors passed this filthy and disgusting picture containing a key sequence that hurts the religious susceptibilities of the Hindus in such a shameful manner? If this sort of blind and unintelligent censoring is to continue, let us not have any censorship at all.

BOY MEETS GIRL STORY

The story of the picture is too thin. It is the usual romance between a boy and a girl painted in the Punjab colour of love-making.

When the heroine, Mala, the daughter of a village Chowdhury, first meets the hero, Swaroop, she canes him till he falls down on the ground. This man, Swaroop, for he is a man and a half and not a lovesick boy, is a typical Punjabi vagabond who does no work but eats at his brother's house and plays the flute. Ultimately, his brother's wife drives him out of the house.

After meeting Mala, he gets a job with Mala's old father and stays on the farm. The girl meets him stealthily at night—another Punjabi method of love-making—and they sing and dance together.

Mamu, a village gossip, warns Mala's father of this romance. It is decided to get the girl married and Swaroop is put in jail on some flimsy charge. This marriage is against the wishes of Mala who loves Swaroop. Mala's girl-friends, however, come to her rescue and on the wedding day they put Gungi, a dumb old woman, as the bride of Jyoti in place of Mala.

After the marriage the trick is discovered by Mamu. He does what is described in the earlier part of the review and Mala finds herself in Jyoti's house.

After a while, Swaroop's brother gets Swaroop out of jail and Swaroop follows Mala to her village. He frequents the outskirts of the village and sings and plays on the flute. Mala comes to meet him in the night.

The climax is soon reached in which Mala is thrown into a dungeon from which she escapes to run up to Swaroop who is lying dead in the usual dramatic Punjabi fashion. As expected Mala also falls dead on his body, giving her best angle to the camera. Kardar, a camera artist, would not tolerate a clumsy death pact. It ends there with Jyoti muttering an apology over the dead.

TECHNICALLY BEAUTIFUL

Technically, "Dillagi" is a beautifully photographed picture with almost every shot a small painting. It is a well recorded picture also with songs and dialogue softly yet distinctly recorded. The music is pretty good with quite a few catchy tunes. The direction of Kardar is more technical than emotional.

From the players, Suraiya gives a good performance and looks quite pretty due to Divecha's beautiful photography. This cameraman has lent a new moulding to the usually ugly features of this girl with a clever manipulation of light and shade.

Shyam's performance as Swaroop is hardly convincing. He doesn't even know how to operate the flute which almost every second village lad knows. The rest are rest.

Had the picture not contained the filthy and disgusting marriage sequence described above, "Dillagi" would have made a pretty good entertainment with its good music and pleasant photography.

Omar Khaiyam Films Ltd. present

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MUNAWAR SULTANA

MOTILAL

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Omar Khaiyam Films Ltd. — Famous Cine

OUR REVIEW

"Gopinath" Mahesh Kaul's Personal Triumph !

Tripti Mitra Lives Her Dynamic Role !

"Gopinath" is easily one of the best pictures produced in India in recent memory. With its stark realism and its subtle and delicate emotional hues, it becomes a dynamic drama of human emotions, very rarely seen on the Indian screen.

It is a unique story written by a unique man, Mahesh Kaul, in a unique style and directed in a unique manner. Every foot of the film reflects the genius of the man who has made it. Let us hope that we do not also lose this great artiste in the usual jungle of box-office pictures.

GOPINATH

Producers: **Shanti Lokchitra**
Language: **Hindustani**
Story & Dialogue: **Mahesh Kaul**
Songs: **Soordas, Meerabai & Rammurti.**
Music: **Minu Muzumdar**
Cinematography: **Chandu**
Audiography: **Allauddin, V. Mehta etc.**
Cast: **Tripti Mitra, Raj Kapoor, Latika, Nand Kishore, Mahesh Kaul etc.**
Released At: **Royal Opera House**
Date of Release: **2nd September 1949**

Directed By
MAHESH KAUL

SIMPLE BUT SUBTLE

"Gopinath" is too simple a story but told in so subtle and dramatic a manner as to maintain an unusual degree of suspense right up to the last foot. To this end the photoplay is beautifully thought out and superbly executed.

To the home of Mohan, the glamour-struck young son of a respectable widow, comes Gopi a simple, young girl accompanied by her brother Nandkishore. Mohan and Gopi had once been playmates in their childhood and they recognize each other with some apparent embarrassment because both had now reached an age where eyes see more than mere innocence.

Nandkishore goes away leaving his sister behind in charge of Mohan's mother. Gopi wins the old widow's affection but the widow soon dies virtually leaving the glamour-struck Mohan in charge of Gopi. It is now a strange household of two young persons, both at an age where desire has an edge and scandal gets a tongue. And yet Gopi sticks to the home because she loves Mohan, though she never says so throughout the picture. To the traditional Hindu girl, even the confession of her love is a sacrilege. And yet every little act of Gopi symbolises her deep love for Mohan. Mohan, however, is in a glamour coma and soon finds himself involved with a film actress called Neela Devi.

Neela Devi toys with Mohan who loses his head completely. Some of these sequences between Neela Devi and Mohan being over-emphasized, do not become very complimentary to the film industry.

After the usual illness and a quarrel Mohan soon loses his bearings completely and leaves his own home and Gopi to live with Neela Devi. That makes Gopi dumb for days. Mohan however discovers the perfidy of his film actress and he rushes back to Gopi to find her a mad woman.

A DIRECTOR'S MASTERPIECE

The whole affair is too pathetic for words and Tripti Mitra's magnetic eyes make the drama an unforgettable experience in emotional catharsis.

The picture is a masterpiece in film direction, Mahesh Kaul's art and thought being reflected in every foot of it. The dialogue is an example of economy in words and yet so appropriate and effective. The photography is effective while the music is appropriately incidental.

Tripti Mitra, who plays Gopi, lives her role. This woman has such soul-searching eyes that they completely envelope her otherwise common features. She has in addition a sad and wistful smile which while it puts an admirable restraint on her most joyous mood becomes an agonizing gesture in the pathetic situations. It is difficult to find another like Tripti Mitra.

That is a newcomer, Pratima Devi, in "Pyar-ki-Manzil", a social story directed by Keki Mistry.

Raj Kapoor plays Mohan superbly. The role of a glamour-struck boy suits him very well and gives scope to Raj's natural theatrical talent. Latika, who has worked in many pictures before but has never been noticed, attracts attention in the role of Neela Devi. Mahesh Kaul's direction seems to have made all the difference to this girl who has also given an excellent performance—the best of her career.

Mahesh Kaul himself plays the director's role in the picture and in avoiding to look at the camera he betrays a consciousness which makes his performance unnecessarily indirect and detached. Though constantly staring at the camera is bad, yet there is no sense in having eyes and not using them to convey emotions and establish an intimacy with the audience. It is a bad mistake on the part of a man who has used Tripti's magnetic eyes with such unusual and thrilling effect.

But that is a minor flaw in a great picture like "Gopinath" which is worth going a long way to see.

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OUR REVIEW

"Sunehre Din" A Song And Dance Entertainer !

Picture Planned For The Masses !

Keeping the entertainment of the masses as the essential aim in view, the producers of "Sunehre Din" have made this picture a song and dance affair in which the story plays the least part. In fact the story has been written in so indifferent a manner that it hardly ever becomes interesting to an intellectual spectator.

A number of snappy tunes and quite a few attractive dance numbers therefore constitute the popular entertainment, along with the popular cast which draws the crowds.

SUNEHRE DIN

Producers:	**Jagat Pictures**
Language:	**Hindustani**
Story:	**Satish Nigam**
Lyrics:	**Madhok, Shekhar & Shevan**
Music:	**Jnan Dutta**
Photography:	**S. Hardip**
Audiography:	**R. G. Pusalkar**
Cast:	**Rehana, Nigar, Roop Kamal, Raj Kapoor, Kamlakant etc.**
Released At:	**Novelty, Bombay**
Date of Release:	**2nd September 1949**

Directed By
SATISH NIGAM

TRIANGLE OF LOVE

The plot of the story is a sophisticated marriage tangle in which one boy is loved by two girls—one rich and the other poor. Premendra, a melodious radio singer lights the spark of love in Asha, a rich heiress and in Renu, the daughter of a school teacher.

Asha and Renu are great friends and neither knows how deeply the other loves this radio singer. Premendra, however, loves only Renu but owing to his inherent polite nature he is involved in a few embarrassing situations with Asha.

Asha, who is herself blindly in love with Premendra, mistakes his polite attentions for love and when their parents arrange their marriage, she is virtually in the seventh heaven.

On the wedding day, however, Asha comes to know of Renu's love for Premendra and vice versa and she decides to make a sacrifice for her friend. By quite an obvious trick Renu and Premendra are married and they receive their blessings for a happy life from Asha. That ends it.

This is hardly a story to write home about but the producers have spent lavishly on the songs and dances and thus made the picture an entertainer for the masses.

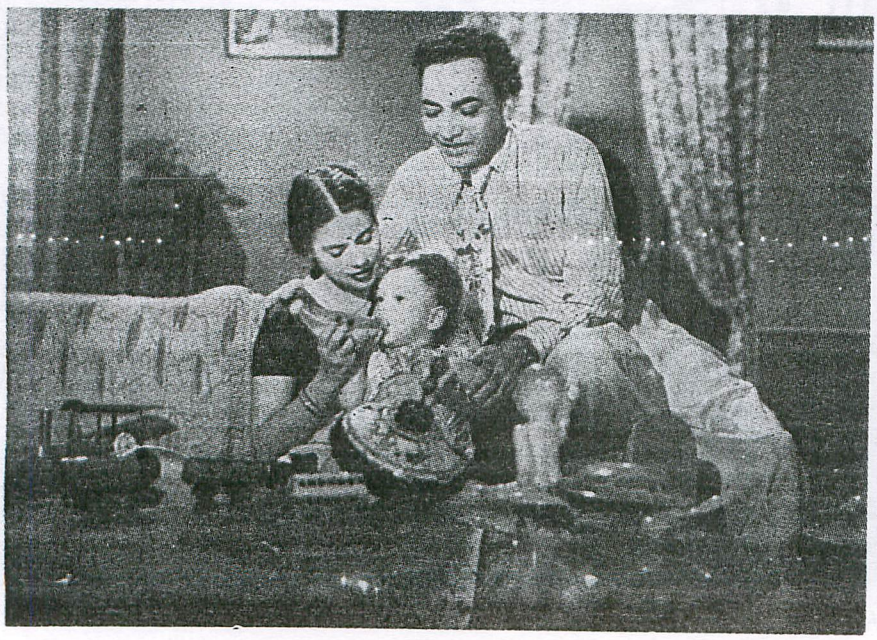
Some of the dances are well presented and they do take a lot of applause from the audience. Quite a few songs are also attractively worded and tuned. The director, Satish Nigam, evidently a new comer to the field, has taken up the burden of writing the story and directing it. He has made poor work of both.

A BEAUTIFUL BUFFOON

Rehana gives her usual performance as Renu the Cinderella of the story who sings and dances without any provocation. Roop Kamal who plays Asha moves about like a little steam-roller without any emotion or expression on her face. Nigar plays Lata, the common friend of both the lovesick girls, and in doing so gives a performance at once odd and erratic. It is a pity that a sweet looking girl like Nigar should be so wrongly cast in an unimportant role and made to indulge in antics which hardly prove popular. Nigar acts the beautiful buffoon.

Raj Kapoor does pretty well as Premendra and looks quite natural when he doesn't try to act.

"Sunehre Din" is a picture primarily planned for mass entertainment and will be liked by those who like plenty of songs and dances for their escape.



The papa in Kishore Sahu and the mamma in Ramola are being tried on that brat in "Rim Jhim", a domestic drama of Hindustan Chitra.

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OUR REVIEW

"Chanda-Ki-Chandni" Slanders Village Life

Censors Should Re-view Picture !

"Chanda-ki-Chandni" is one of those many idiotic pictures which disgrace the Indian screen at regular intervals. It has nothing in it to commend, being intensely boring throughout.

This picture has the usual dowry theme in which a maiden is victimized by greedy old-fashioned elders who make their son a prize-boy.

CULTURAL DISTORTION

Radha, a village maiden, is betrothed to Kishore, a village boy who has made good in the city as a trainer of race horses. The news of Kishore's success makes Kishore's mother ambitious and she refuses to accept Radha as her future daughter-in-law without a substantial dowry. Radha's brother has no money to pay and he proposes to sell his property to get his sister married.

Radha, the village girl, resents this and she decides to handle the affair herself. So this village girl goes to the railway station without the knowledge of her brother—her only guardian—boards a train without a ticket, dodges the guard, flirts with strangers and does many other monkey tricks and ultimately reaches Bombay. In Bombay she gate-crashes into Kishore's house during his absence, toys with his telephone, misbehaves in a manner utterly disgraceful for a village maiden, flirts with the hero, sleeps in his house without being wedded to him, behaves frivolously with a Raja Saheb, sings and dances before him and ultimately rides as a jockey on a race horse.

What a pattern for our village maidens? And what a distortion of our village life and culture? And yet our censors have been blind enough not to see this picture correctly or having seen it did not have intelligence enough to realize that our cultural life has been completely distorted and misrepresented in this picture. For lesser reasons than are found in this putrid picture,

CHANDA-KI-CHANDNI

Producers:	**I. A. Patel Productions**
Language:	**Hindustani**
Story & Dialogue:	**Nilkanth Tiwari**
Songs:	**Madhok**
Music:	**Gyan Dutt**
Photography:	**Jal Mistry**
Sound:	**Bikhubhai Desai**
Cast:	**Rehana, Jairaj, Veera etc.**
Released At:	**Minerva & Excelsior, Bombay**
Date of Release:	**26th August 1949**

Directed By
DWARKA KHOSLA

"Jharna", a picture produced by Protima Dasgupta, was totally banned by no less a person than the Hon. Mr. Morarji Desai. And yet his censors found nothing wrong in "Chanda-ki-Chandni".

When ticketless travelling is punished as an offence all over the country, we see the heroine of the story travelling without a ticket with impunity. Don't such sequences encourage anti-social habits and crimes?

Imagine a village girl brought up in the cloisters of her home behaving like a common prostitute and dancing before a Raja! If you can stretch your imagination a little more, fancy her riding a race horse on the Mahaluxmi tracks and winning a race!

These sequences, apart from their misrepresenting the culture and modesty of our village maidens, only help to prove that the story-writer and the director are just a set of damn fools.

The censors must see this picture again if they really wish to protect our people from being misinformed about the virtues of our village maidens and prove to the world that India really lives in her 7,00,000 villages as Gandhiji had once said.

INSIPID THIRD ANGLE

The third triangle of the story is provided by Susheela, an insipid looking dame, the daughter of Deewanji, a race horse owner, who employs Kishore as a trainer. This pale, flat-chested dame nurses a passion for Kishore and expresses it in quarrelling with him constantly.

When she finds the village girl on the scene she goes crazy and produces a revolver to shoot Kishore. The climax is hitched on to a horse race in which Radha, the village girl, rides the winner for a Raja Saheb. The stupid story soon comes to an end after outwitting the pale dame and the hero and the heroine return home in a boat through the Ghodbunder Creek, leaving alone the train which had first brought the village heroine to the city.

For sheer fantastic idiotism, it is difficult to beat the impossible incidents woven into this stupid yarn.

A SLANDER, INDEED !

The production values are poor in every respect. With the exception of a couple of songs which are nicely worded and tuned there is nothing attractive in the picture. The direction is amateurish and stupid.

From the players, Jairaj does pretty well as Kishore. For the first time he plays a serio-comic role and he makes a good impression. Rehana flits from place to place as the village girl making all types of faces. She over-acts continuously. Veera plays Susheela and looks a picture of a jealous and anaemic cat. She gives an utterly poor show, her dialogue diction being childish and imperfect.

This picture is a slander of our village life. Apart from this aspect, the picture is terrifically boring and stupid. It is a grave box-office risk to the exhibitors.

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OUR REVIEW

"Balam" Proves A Terrific Headache !

Censors Must Re-view The Picture!

The Wadias of Wadia Films Ltd., are at least honest people. They never pretend to be intelligent in their productions. They just seem to make a list of popular gags and situations in other pictures and then try to fit a story in this odd collection.

That is what "Balam" precisely is—an odd collection of what the Wadias thought were items of popular interest in other successful box-office pictures. So if you see glimpses of "Ma-ka-Pyar" "Bari Behen" and quite a few other pictures, don't be surprised. The Wadias meant well in trying to give you a cream cake with the cream from other pictures. They, however, forgot that the cream had become stale and has now started smelling badly.

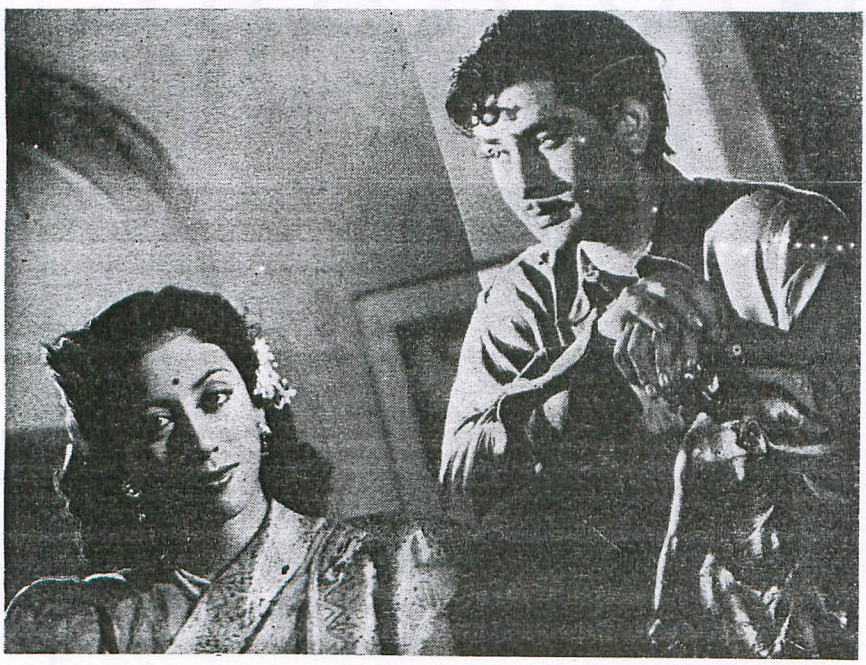
The name "Balam" has nothing to do with Chandulal Shah's Derby winner. It refers to the hero of the picture, Wasti, who looks much bigger these days than Chandulal's "Balam". But then Chandulal is going through bad times and cannot give Balam all the oats the brute wants.

BALAM

Producers: **Wadia Films Ltd.**
Language: **Hindustani**
Story & Dialogue: **Azm Bazidpuri**
Songs: **Qamar Jalalabadi**
Music: **Husnalal & Bhagatram**
Photography: **Jimmy Kapadia**
Recording: **C. Kamoolkar**
Cast: **Suraiya, Nigar, Wasti, Janki Dass etc.**
Released At: **Excelsior, Bombay**
Date of Release: **23rd September 1949**

Directed By
HOMI WADIA

This picture has two college boys —Basant and Anant—sons of Jugal Kishore, the usual zamindar. As a college boy who has only just graduated, Basant must have spent thirty years in the college seeing his size, age and looks. This college education always sits clumsily on Wasti's fat, old Punjabi face and worries him like an ever-annoying fly not knowing what to do with it. Wasti, of course, tries to look cultured, educated and what not but always ends by being just the reverse.



Latika and Raj Kapoor have a soft moment in "Gopinath", a social story produced by Shanti Lok Chitra.

Janki Dass makes an excellent comedy artiste despite bad direction in "Balam". He has a future if his head doesn't go wrong.

PSEUDO-SOCIALISM

The story is about the usual village with two good-looking girls, an oppressed and discontented crowd of kisans, a heartless Munim and an unpopular zamindar. There is a local goonda thrown in for novelty.

Jugal Kishore, the zamindar, insists on collecting the dues from his kisans who are in too much of a distress to pay them. The Munim, of course, does the dirty work of collecting by force.

This pitiable economic distress of the kisans moves Basant, the graduate, and he goes to the village and starts singing behind a tree addressing his song to Kamla, the daughter of the village Chowdhury. Basant probably thought that music would solve all the problems of the kisans.

But that song gives Kamla another appetite in addition to the one in her stomach. So Kamla and Basant start cooing.

Very soon the Munim gives his ultimatum to the villagers to pay the dues but not till he sees an abortive wrestling bout between Basant and Gangoo, the local goonda.

Basant soon returns home lovesick and his younger brother, Anant, deciding to nurse his brother through

his ailment, himself goes to the village to report on the condition of Kamla. He, however, meets Tara, Kamla's younger sister, on the way and putting her into his car, takes her under a tree and starts some fast and furious love-making.

VIRGIN MOTHERHOOD !

They soon talk of a temple and marriage—all words—and we are made to believe that Anant has had a sex-act with Tara. How obliging these village girls are? No sooner they see a man from the city, they fall in love and go to bed with them straightaway without even the old-fashioned ceremony of marriage. We wonder where we can get such nice types of village girls in our country though they are found so often in our pictures.

But these village girls are damn clumsy being as fertile as their fields. They always become pregnant without realizing their responsibility that when a city boy goes to bed with them they must not get pregnant so quickly. In Shantaram's "Bhool", the heroine got pregnant behind a bush. In "Sakharpuda" another virgin lighted up the spark of life within her. How then can the Wadias be left behind?

So they insist on Tara becoming pregnant under a tree with the help of Anant and without anyone knowing about it.

It was, of course, virgin motherhood—something which our censors don't like but then Jamshed Wadia himself was on the Censor Board when "Balam" was passed and besides the erring players do talk of some temple in the distance where they would go and swear loyalty to each other.

Now that film producers have proved so often that legitimacy can be lent to children so easily we wonder why we should at all continue the expensive ceremony of marriage any longer. We may as well scrap this old ceremonial and take our girls before the deaf and dumb idols of our temple gods and then take them to the backyards of the temples and make them mothers of our nation. Doesn't that sound pretty easy and cheap?

In any case this new technique of making mothers should not be difficult seeing that the old-fashioned, virtuous village girls of India have these days accepted this method as the shortest cut to motherhood. City girls, of course, will have to be won over to this point of view with their present expert knowledge on delaying motherhood. A few more pictures from our Wadias and Shantarams can, however, set this problem right.

Having made Tara pregnant, Anant scrams leaving the girl to her fate.

In the meantime, Gangoo, the village goonda, has been pretty busy. He murders the Munim and plants the charge on Chowdhury, the father of the two village belles.

Though the goonda drops his armlet and the Munim his shoe at the place of the murder, no one investigates the case and Chowdhury is sent to jail for seven years. Just seven years for a murder after the jury finds the man guilty. And Jamshed Wadia is M.A.L.L.B.

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE

The shoe and the armlet remain in the stream below the studio bridge so long without investigation that

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OUR REVIEW

"Raat-Ki-Rani" Another Prostitute Drama!

Jagdish Sethi Directs Picture Well!

"Raat-ki-Rani" is a maiden production of J. S. Pictures and as such it is quite a good attempt at presenting a progressive theme with some entertainment. It is, however, unfortunate that the producers should have taken up this particular theme which is not at all popular with family audiences which usually decide the box-office fate of a picture in India. For a new company a subject like this is definitely a commercial risk.

RAAT-KI-RANI

Producers:	J. S. Pictures
Language:	Hindustani
Story:	J. Sethi & R. Chopra
Songs:	H. A. Lucknawi & A. Shah.
Music:	Hansraj Behl
Photography:	G. Singh
Audiography:	V. V. Gandhi
Cast:	Sulochana Chatterjee, Om Prakash, Munnawar Sultana, Shyam, Jagdish Sethi etc.
Released At:	Excelsior, Bombay
Date of Release:	16th September 1949

Directed By
JAGDISH SETHI

THE OLD THEME !

It is the old, old story of the good old prostitute who, contrary to her trade and traditions, falls in love with one of her customers and wants to give up her profession and marry him. It is the dream story of every Punjabi youth who frequents the dark haunts of Hira Mandis and Chowri Bazars in search of music and muscular strain. It could have even happened to Jagdish Sethi, the producer, in the heyday of his youth. Strangely enough mostly the Punjabis of our industry seem to be the most concerned about the regeneration of the prostitute, the way we find them rushing into production with prostitutes as heroines of their stories and brothels as their background.

Or is it because these producers do not know much of life and its other themes that they try to seek perfume in the gutters of life by giving us themes which smell of brothels and bawdiness in spite of all the progressivism in them?

THE POETIC PUNJABI

Shyam and Om, two Punjabi friends, live together, work together and do everything together. Shyam, of course, writes romantic Urdu poems usually a good passport to the house of a singing girl.

Shyam's Urdu poems somehow get into the account books of his employer and Shyam is soon unemployed. When a Punjabi is unemployed he becomes more gay and adventurous and entertains dreams of meeting a princess who would fall at his feet, tie his shoe-laces, warm his bed, hear his verses and pay his bills.

Very much in this mood Shyam recites some verses of his at a "mushaira" and incidentally meets Santosh, the daughter of a rich Rai Bahadur. In keeping with his Punjabi "akkad" he treats Santosh with indifference and talks of his heart, soul and what-not as different ingredients of his poetry.

Even Punjabi clerks, whatever their remuneration, must visit the house of a singing prostitute at least once a month. It is an exercise they take for their spiritual uplift. So Om takes his unemployed friend Shyam to Shashi, the best looking nightingale of the night in the town.

When good Punjabi boys first visit a prostitute's house they look quite shy and modest. It is the art in the game which always attracts the woman's attention. She thinks them to be raw and green and prefers them to the tough and corny ones who usually queue up for her bosom.

Shyam follows this artistic tradition and acts modestly enough to attract Shashi's attention. Aye, even her burning love and passion for him! Our Punjabi boy has now made a conquest and with a passionate sincerity peculiar to all Punjabis, Shyam soon visits Shashi so regularly that he becomes a nuisance to every one around.

THE SIGHING POET

When a Punjabi prostitute falls in love, it is usually an headlong affair—at least that is what these Punjabi boys want us to believe. It is difficult to find a Punjabi boy in town who has not been loved passionately by half-a dozen singing prostitutes at some time or other in his life. And all these women had always been ready to give their very lives for this boy. The stormy career of a Punjabi boy is never complete

When there is Ramola around, Kishore Sahu will do anything to attract attention. He always gets the girls laughing to worm into their hearts. Here he is in "Rim Jhim", doing odd things to make the picture a box-office success.

Three workers join togather to give a story with a new pattern in

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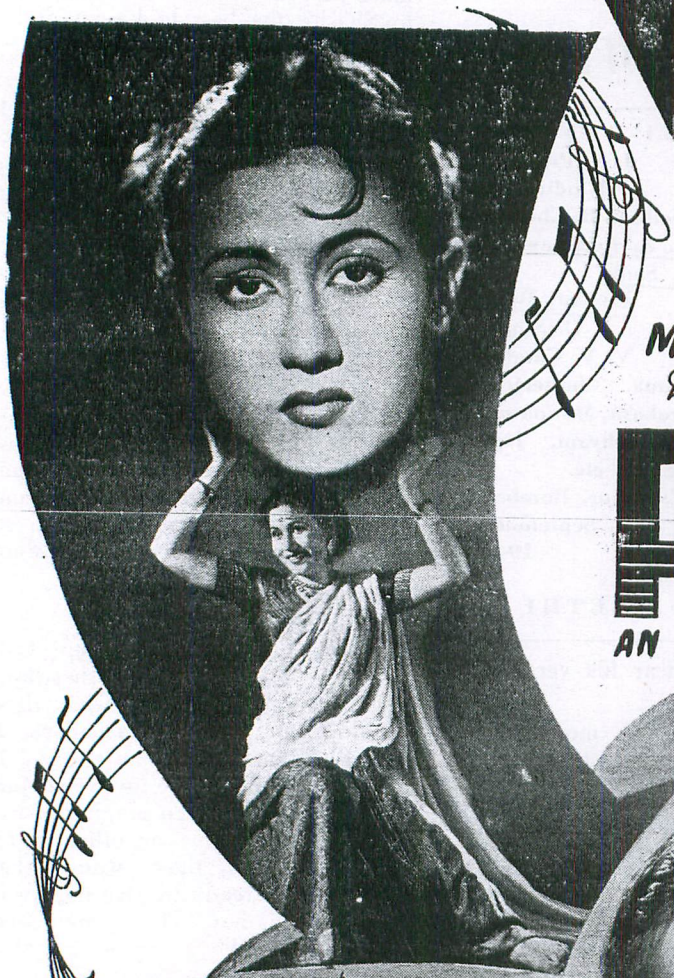

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MAJNU *and*
????

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Music
GULAM MOHAMAD

Songs
SHAKIL BADAYUNI

Dialogue
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without such instances of supreme sacrifice. Strangely enough these sacrificial offerings come only from women who feed flesh with flesh and open a banking house in the dark hours of the night.

With Shashi in love with our poetic Punjabi hero, she refuses to ply her trade any more. That gives hunger pains to Shashi's mother and the syndicate of pimps around. They become lean and start talking revolution like the Communists. But Shashi and Shyam go on warming each other with Shashi taking early lessons in wifehood by feeding her Punjabi boy.

It is now time for sighs. The chivalrous, warrior-like Punjabi cannot be denied his share of obstacles in romance. He must have a tough time to make romantic verses and sing them. He must get an opportunity to throw his hair about carelessly and toss his coat negligently on his shoulder. He must have his glimpse of responsible manhood which pays the milkman's and the grocer's bills. He need not actually pay them but he must get the satisfaction that he at least wished to do so. And all on the altar of his beloved.

JOB HUNTING

So Shyam decides to take away Shashi and set up his dream house. But houses can't be built on empty pockets and when Shyam realizes that his decision becomes a promise till he gets a job. So like a Punjabi, who thinks that the world is only waiting to employ him because he has condescendingly agreed to work, Shyam calls on numerous people for a job.

The other Punjabis, however, not appreciating Shyam's sacrificial decision to work for his beloved, refuse to accommodate him with their usual curt and crude mannerisms and Shyam realizes for the first time that the world is too cruel a place for lovers.

The all-conquering hero now does not go back to his waiting heroine. Shashi, like every Punjabi singing prostitute who falls desperately in love one day to make virtue blush in modesty but next day takes all in a queue in sheer temper of disappointment now making vice blush in shame, soon begins singing and dancing once again having run through the proverbial days of waiting for Shyam.

All this time Santosh, the good Punjabi cabbage from Rai Bahadur's private garden, keeps sighing through her mouth and eyes for Shyam.

THE CLIMAX

It is now time for Shyam to fall ill. He does it in the arms of his friend Om. Om brings Santosh on the scene and Santosh's father conveniently asks Santosh to take Shyam to a doctor. Punjabi girls evidently can take any man anywhere. They are so smart.

But can Majnu be ill without Leila following suit? Nor can Farhad sigh without Shirin heaving

Shanta Madhok, a new comer, is the latest Ranjit hope in "Nazaare", a social story.

her bosom! If that had happened the entire Urdu poetry would not have been written. So to prove the birth of Urdu poetry for the umpteenth time, Shashi also takes to bed and does it in a serious way to make the climax dramatic.

Shashi's mother now starts perambulating between the doctor and her daughter. Luckily there is a common doctor for all the characters in the story otherwise the threads of the drama would have got out of hand—the same doctor for the prince and the prostitute.

The climax is thrown into the sick bed of Shashi. A Punjabi can't wish for a better place. All gather around the bed and see Shyam gathering Shashi into his arms with the fervour of Majnu and Farhad combined. The other Punjabis appreciate this and withdraw in sheer modesty.

So does Jagdish Sethi regenerate a prostitute by issuing a marriage license to her bed. Bravo!

GOOD DIRECTION

The story has the usual hackneyed situations which every Punjabi producer who produces this theme always presents. Technically, the picture is poor. The photography is erratic. The sound recording is so bad that both the music and the dialogue have been ruined. Some of the gazals are well tuned and well worded, but the bad recording has killed their beauty.

A part of the picture has been very well directed and generally Jagdish Sethi's maiden attempt at direction is praiseworthy.

Om Prakash who acts the pal of the hero gives a good performance and so does Jagdish Sethi in the small and sympathetic role of Rai Bahadur.

Munnawar Sultana is badly photographed and shows age on her face. That vitiates the virginal complexion of her role. She has little to do but let us hope that she is not made to dance again. One doesn't like to see little elephants dancing except in a circus.

Shyam gives a poor performance as the hero. His face looks too bloated to be pleasant and his eyes too tired to be identified with youth. Shyam must readjust and regulate his life and recapture his once youthful appearance if he wants to continue his present lucrative career as a film actor.

Sulochana Chatterjee looks too fat for work these days and gives a very poor performance as Santosh.

And yet after all done and said, "Raat-ki-Rani" is quite a good picture to see considering that it is a maiden picture of a new producer.

Don't let your wife read "Grey Dust". She will be too witty for you to manage.

HINDUSTAN CHITRA

PRESENTS

RIM

WRITTEN & PRODUCED BY

KISHORE SAHU

Starring

KISHORE SAHU

RAMOLA • MUBARAK

MOHNA • MUMTAZALI

Music

KHEMCHAND PRAKASH

FOR PARTICULARS

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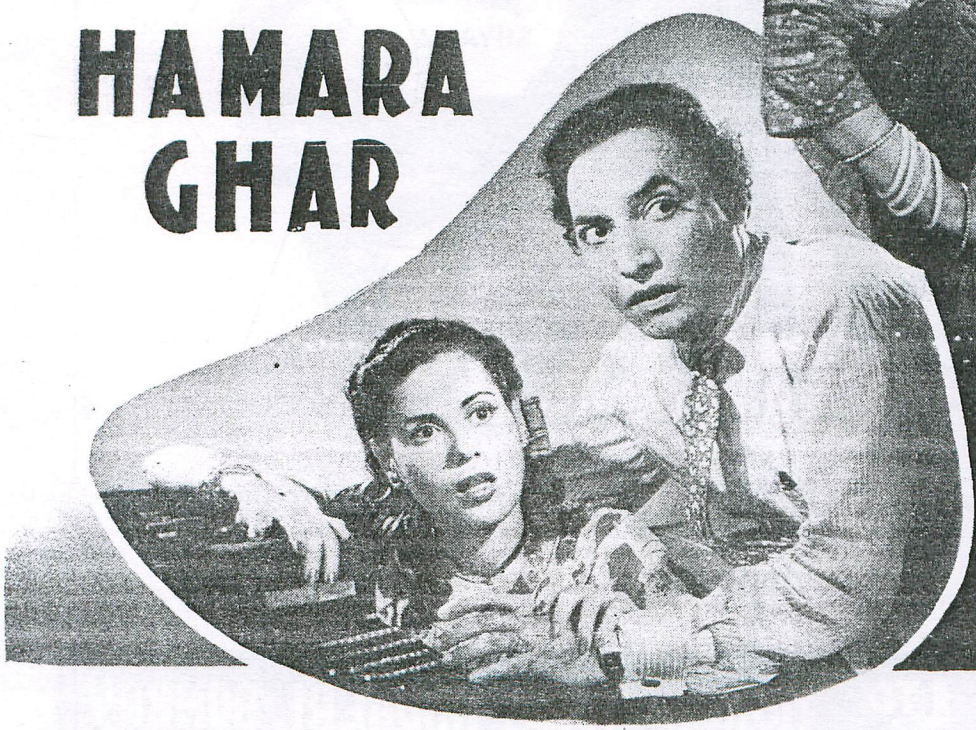

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Produced by
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AT HOME AND ABROAD

INDIA SPEAKS!

Colombo, September 15.

While the documentary "India Speaks" has been having an uninterrupted run in some American cities, despite our official protest the London Board of Film Censors refused to grant a certificate for the release of the picture now titled, "Bride of Buddha".

The Government of Ceylon made an official protest saying that the film contained a distorted version of India and Tibet and it was likely to hurt the religious susceptibilities of the Buddhists. In "The Bride of Buddha", the leading character Richard Haliburton, is shown as having travelled to India and Tibet in search of the legendary white goddess of Buddhists.

Apart from the slanderous part of it, it is too old a picture now and deserves to be put on the shelf for good.

MENTAL CRUELTY?

Hollywood, September 15.

Charming Hollywood star, Ginger Rogers obtained a divorce from her third husband-actor Jack Briggs on grounds of cruelty, because he had failed to come for a dinner she had prepared for him on their sixth wedding anniversary.

According to Ginger, Jack often failed to come home for dinner and sometimes slept before the guests when he dined.

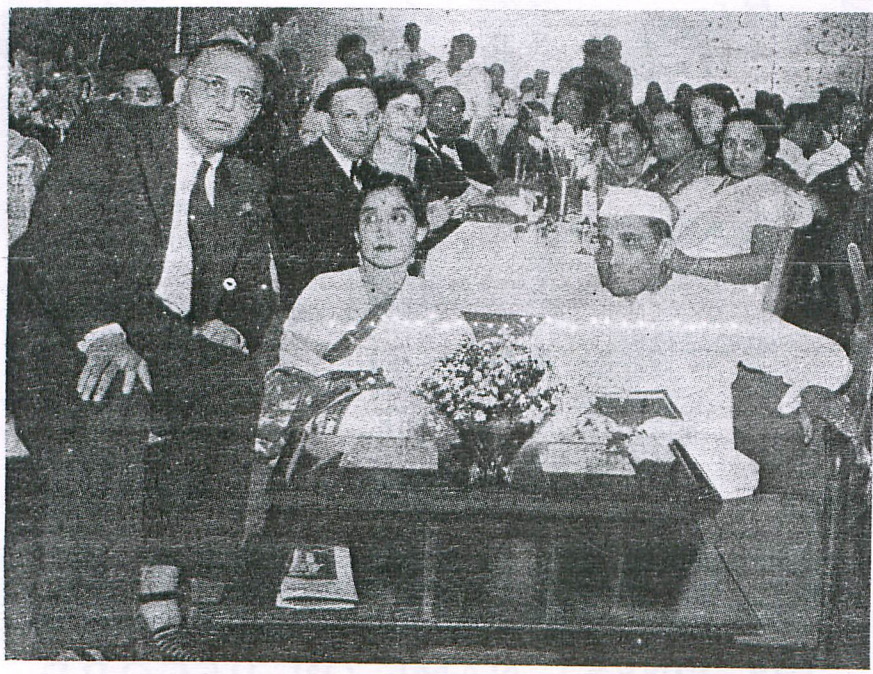
In the Indian film industry, we have husbands who wait for their star wives till after midnight and feed the "babies" with spoons when they return.

TOO LATE!

Bombay, September 12.

To record their protest against the personnel of the Film Enquiry Committee, four associations—the Motion Picture Society of India, the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association, the Indian Motion Picture Distributors' Association and the All-India Exhibitors' Association—got together under the presidentship of Mr. Chuni Lall.

Some of those who aired their views were Chandulal Shah, J.B.H. Wadia, M. B. Billimoria and B. D. Bharucha. They wanted the Committee to be more representative and contain some scientific and financial experts. They, however, did not name these experts and we wonder whether we really have any experts in these fields.



The two Patels of Bombay at the Taj! Editor Baburao Patel and Mayor S. K. Patil met at the Annual Ball of the Bombay Presidency Women's Council on the 16th of September. They, of course, wanted to discuss the Film Inquiry Committee of which Mayor Patil is the Chairman but Mrs. Bakhle kept them busy with the women's activities.

FUNNY PEOPLE!

London, September 20.

A public poll taken recently in London to decide the screen's 15 funniest men gave Charlie Chaplin the last place. The other 14 in order of their popularity were: Bob Hope, Milton Berle, Jack Benny, Red Skelton, Fibber Mcgee, Abbott and Costello, Fred Allen, Amos and Andy, Arthur Godfrey, Eddie Cantor, 'Schnozzle' Durante, Danny Kaye, Marx Brothers and Henry Morgan.

In the Indian film industry, all the artistes are funny not to mention the producers and the directors.

BANNED

Calcutta, September 15.

The West Bengal Board of Censors has refused to certify the film "Jagrata Bharat" produced by Chaya-Dilo-Bani because the film preaches the cult of violence.

This should serve as a warning to other film producers who bring in the 1942 movement in pictures without rhyme or reason and propagate violence and sabotage as handmaids of patriotism.

HIS HEART FAILED

Hollywood, September 24.

Hollywood actor Richard Dix who often played the he-man roles in pictures died of heart failure in the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital. Richard was affectionately called, "The Jaw" because of the virile way in which he played his roles.

CLASSIFYING FILMS!

London, September 20.

The Bombay Board of Censors has begun granting the 'U' and 'A' certificates to films according to their whims. The censors, however, would do well to know what the Advisory Council on Children's Entertainment Films has to say about the likes and dislikes of children. By this standard, many Hollywood films should be classified under 'A'.

"Children do not like surprises and they prefer to know exactly what is going to happen and see their expectations materialize so that they feel they know more than the characters on the screen. Night scenes and dark pictures do not attract their attention. They like close-up shots but as far as violent action is concerned, they like to

see it in a long view. Natural sound, especially bird sound and background music appeal to them. Their favourite characters are adolescents, slightly older than themselves, but they also like young children and very old people to whom they can look up to. The behaviour of middle aged adults bores them, because it is a closed book to them. Lean, athletic types of men and graceful rather than the homely variety of women are preferred".

PAKISTAN PARSIS

Karachi, September 19.

Khan Bahadur Mobed's two big cinemas, "Paradise" and "Capitol" were sealed on Monday the 19th September by the Deputy Custodian of Evacuee property. This is the fifth case of sealing of cinema houses in Karachi.

Subsequently the cinemas are reported to have been restored to Khan Bahadur Mobed with certain stipulations. But why are the Parsis being victimized thus?

GROWING CINEMAS

Cawnpore, September 15.

The Municipal Board of Cawnpore, will not entertain any applications for the erection of new cinemas unless recommended by the District Magistrate. This clause is being added to the bye-laws for the erection, re-erection or alteration of buildings made by the Municipal Board.

We have heard of similar restrictions before and yet new cinemas keep growing faster than food in this country.

CALCUTTA CENSORS?

Lucknow, September 16.

"Lucky Stiff" a film produced by the United Artists' Corporation of America and certified by the West Bengal Board of Censors has been banned by the U. P. Government.

Somehow American films do get easy certificates in Bengal these days. We wonder why?

HINDU GODS!

Lucknow, September 20.

The U. P. Government is taking a keen interest in films nowadays. It is reported that they have asked the district authorities to keep a watchful eye on films portraying Hindu gods and goddesses and their attention to them if they find anything objectionable. They have also asked the district magistrates to let them know if they considered any particular film to be unsuitable on these grounds.

What about "Ram Baan" in which we see a pregnant Seeta fourteen years before her time?

A WINDFALL

Bombay, September 24.

The members of the I.N.A. Film Committee made a present of Rs. 2,45,000 being the net proceeds of the film, "Netaji Subhas", to Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel on Saturday the 24th September.

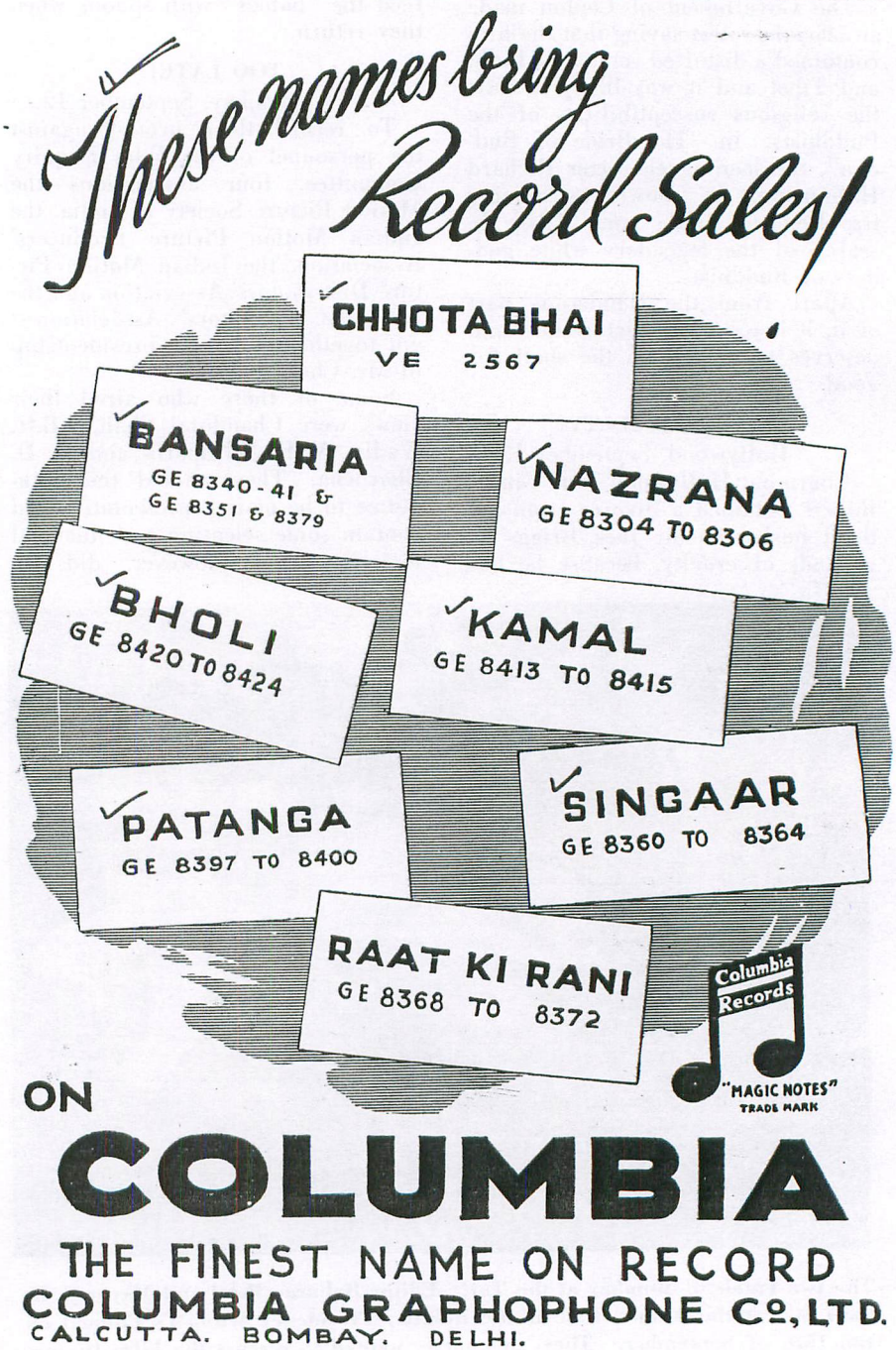
The members of the committee are: Mr. Chotubhai Desai, Mr. J. K. Bhonsle, Mr. Dahyabhai V. Patel, Mr. Nathalal D. Parikh and Mr. Kikubhai Desai.

That is how a bad film with a good hero pays in our country.

GOOD-BYE SAM!

Hollywood, September 23.

Well-known director, Sam Wood.



died of a heart attack on Thursday the 22nd September at the Lebanon Hospital. Sam was 65 years old at the time of his death. He directed many pictures, some of the big ones being: "For Whom the Bell Tolls", "Good bye Mr. Chips", "Saratoga Trunk" and "Casanova Brown".

We shall miss Sam in India.

IN JITTERS AGAIN!

Hollywood. September 22.

According to a recent report, the American movie industry has been rather hard hit by the devaluation of the British pound. The total loss is estimated at $ 2,000,000.

Hollywood studios had about $ 7,000,000 in pounds frozen in England when the currency's value was cut down owing to devaluation and the money is now worth only $ 5,000,000.

American producers will also get 30% less for their pictures if the film sales are made on a pound basis.

The Hollywood Jews, used to the fatted calf, will now again start howling and sack a few hundred employees.

MISSED

Gorakhpur, September 24.

Mukhtar Ahmed, proprietor of United Talkies, Gorakhpur, H. Williams, manager and two other employees, were acquitted of the charge of defrauding the government by evading payment of entertainment tax.

On November 26, 1947 the cinema house was raided by a magistrate and it is alleged, several persons were found without tickets.

But what is Mukhtar Ahmed doing in Gorakhpur still? We thought he was across the border already.

POOR YANKEES!

London, September 25.

Recent statistics reveal a steady drop in the export of motion picture feature films from America. In January—June 1949, the overall export of motion picture feature films was 140,169,567 feet as against 153,774,676 feet for the same period in 1948. Only 16 mm film exports showed a gain.

In dollars, the figures are as follows: 11,205,103 in the first half of 1949 as against 14,701,095, January to June 1948.

On the Dassera day, Rajaji, our Governor-General, kept himself busy with the children of his official estate. That is the second childhood people talk about.

IN MANCHESTER!

Manchester, October 3.

The Manchester Branch of the India League celebrated Mahatma Gandhi's birthday with a local dignitary, Alderman Tom Regan presiding. Two films were shown—one on Gandhiji and the other "Ladakh Diary", featuring Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru with his funny Tibetan cap as the conquering hero and the six-feet-odd Sheikh Abdullah as his standard-bearer.

The Manchester guys seem to have forgotten Gandhiji's "Boycott British Goods" campaign.

ANOTHER BLUFF?

Bombay, September 14.

Western India Theatres promise to start a new film library in Bombay from 1950. The film library will deal with different aspects of the industry and contain suitable literature, films etc.

Mr. Jamshed Wadia left for London on the 13th September for a four weeks' stay to study the working of the library of the British Film Institute.

NO COLOUR BUSINESS!

Cape Town, September. 15.

The Government-appointed censor board at Capetown, Union of South Africa, is reported to have banned United Artists' "Home of the Brave" as the film deals with racial prejudice.

THE NEW MIX-UP!

Hollywood. September 15.

While Mickey Rooney got married to Martha Vickers, Betty Jane Rase, Mickey's ex-wife and mother of his two sons, married Norman Baker, musician and composer. Both Mickey and Betty seem to be quick-change artists.

This marriage business is a terrible mix-up in Hollywood where the wrong children call the wrong ones "Papas".

A PRAYER

Hollywood, September 18.

M.G.M's dark-haired beauty Elizabeth Taylor has fallen in love with William D. Pawley Jr. son of the former ambassador to Brazil and they have announced their engagement.

Let us pray they will marry and stay married.

MUMMY TARZAN!

Hollywood, September 14.

Maureen O' Sullivan, one-time Hollywood star, and director John Farrow became parents to their sixth child, a baby girl.

Is it another Tarzan's mate?

MONEY AND HONEY

Hollywood, September 15.

Richard Ney, ex-husband of Greer Garson, married Pauline Mc Martin, a wealthy divorcee. So did Phil Terry who had left Hollywood and his acting profession after his div-

orce from Joan Crawford. Phil's choice this time fell on a wealthy widow.

Look like money and honey affairs.

DISMISSED!

Hollywood, September 15.

Two Hollywood stars to get divorces from their respective husbands were Paulette Goddard and Doris Day. Paulette obtained a Mexican divorce from Burgess Meredith. Doris divorced George Weidler.

The names of their next vicitims are still not announced.

NO MORE BAND

Hollywood, September 15.

Child-star Margaret O' Brien's mother sued Band leader Don Sylvio for divorce. That means no more music for little Margaret. Even star-mummies are getting volatile in Hollywood these days.

RIGHT MAN

Bombay, October 2.

The Government of Bombay have appointed Mr. Chunilal, Filmistan chief, on the Board of Film Censors to represent the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association from the 1st October, for a period of one year.

That is the right man after a long time.

AND MANY MORE!

Hollywood, September 20.

M.G.M. star Robert Taylor recently celebrated his 10th wedding anniversary with Barbara Stanwyck, one of Hollywood's talented actresses. When they married in 1939, M.G.M. was dead set against Bob marrying Barbara, a divorcee who was trying to stage a movie comeback.

And yet, ten years have passed since and they are reported to be still in love with each other and still popular with millions with or without the growling Leo.

POOR ELIZABETH!

London, September 15.

When Princess Elizabeth got married two years ago she got a private cinema as a wedding present from the British film industry. But the Ministry of Works has refused to issue the permits necessary for the structural alterations at the Princess's home, Clearance House. The cost would come to £ 2000.

Says Lieut. General Sir Frederick Browning, Controller of Princess Elizabeth's Household: "The situation is quite simple, no permits are being given for the construction of cinemas".

So the Princess is still waiting for her private cinema. Princess Elizabeth should study the Indian technique by which luxurious cinemas crop up overnight without any difficulty and despite the most solemn promises from our top-line leaders.

NO MORE ACTING

Calcutta, September 15.

Well-known screen and stage actor, Indu Mukherjee, died at his Bhowanipur residence on Monday, the 12th September at the age of 61.

Indu joined the Bengali stage nearly 25 years ago after giving up a lucrative job in the railway. He was also popular on the screen especially in comedy roles.

VOTED IN ADVANCE!

Cuttack, September 26.

The Government of Orissa propose to increase the Entertainment Tax for more revenue. This will bring the taxation on entertainment to the level now prevailing in other provinces.

For local dramatic and musical performances, 25% tax will be

What shall I give?

Give a gift that is cherished and appreciated, a gift that reflects your good taste — give the Eversharp Jeweller Set — a combination of exquisite workmanship, of elegant design and of great utility. Its full gold point writes so smoothly that it is actually silent, the famous Zeigler feed prevents ink flooding and leaking. The matching repeater pencil feeds new points with a mere click of the button.

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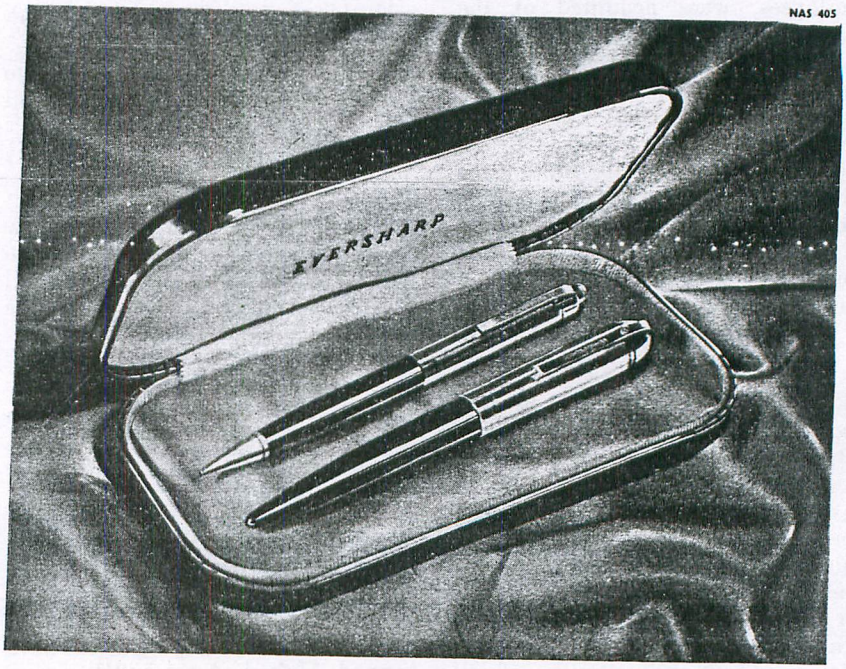
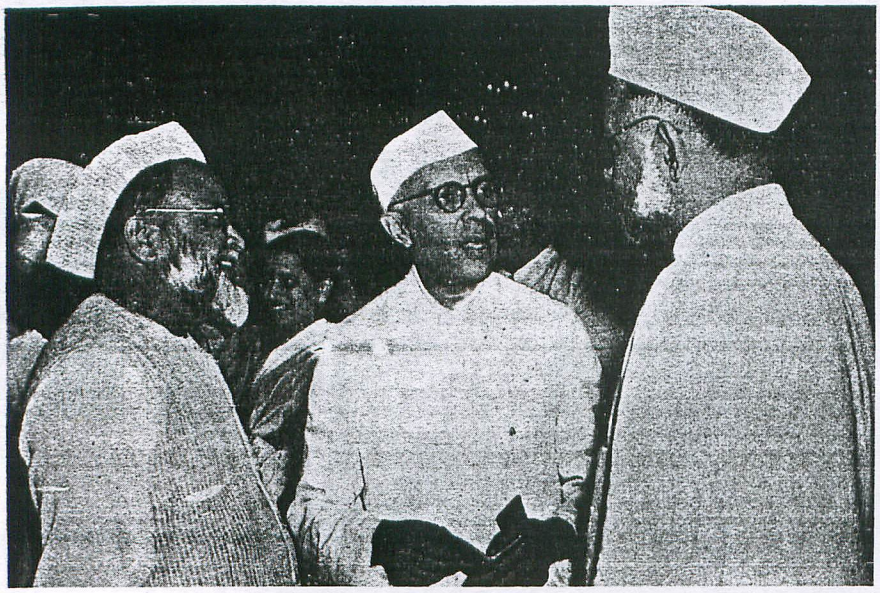




Never did the Muslims of India take such affectionate interest in Hindu festivals as now. Here they are, on the Dassera day—Shafi Ahmed Kidwai and Dr. Zakir Hussein (Vice-Chancellor of the Aligarh University) wishing Pandit Nehru all the greetings of the day. Even their beards are happy and smiling.

levied on the rates of admission.

A Bill to amend the Entertainment Tax Act for carrying out these proposals will be shortly put before the Assembly. But why waste time in this formality at all seeing that all white caps vote with their hands and feet and never with their head.

MOSQUE OR CINEMA?

Karachi, October 4.

A crowd of 1000 people attacked a cinema house facing the Memon mosque on Bunder Road, Karachi, on the 4th October.

The crowd destroyed movie projectors, furniture drapings etc. and the loss is estimated at Rs. 1,00,000. It seems that the Organizing Committee of the mosque had already protested and asked the authorities not to grant the cinema a license.

With this "Islamism" running riot there won't be many cinemas left in Pakistan if after every Friday prayer the "faithful" destroy one a day.

That is work for 216 Fridays.

FAST WORK

Bombay, October 5.

Tazi, wife of film actor Shyam, is awaiting a visit from the stork. Shyam is evidently a fast worker.

What was the hurry, however?

ONE MORE SAHU!

Bombay, September 25.

Mrs. Kishore Sahu got her third baby, a daughter. If Mrs. Sahu competes with her hubby in his motion picture productions, we will soon have a dozen pipers in the Sahu family and there won't be a hair left on Kishore's crescent top.

A SUSPICIOUS JOB

Allahabad, September 28.

The U.P. Government have refused to grant a license to Niranjanlal Bhargava for his new cinema house constructed in the city.

Several months ago, Premier Pant had asked the District Magistrate how such a huge building could be constructed with the scarcity of materials. An inquiry was instituted, though its findings are not yet known.

As long as the license is not granted, the cinema house cannot function and this is the only way by which the construction of new cinema houses can be stopped. Why not turn Bhargava's cinema into a refugee ashram?

NO CROONING!

Hollywood, October 3.

Hollywood singer, Buddy Clark, 38 and a crooner died in an aeroplane crash.

He was a juke box favourite.

BAGGED THE PRODUCER!

Hollywood, September 25.

Jennifer Jones became David O' Selznick's bride after months of hide-and-seek. Jennifer attracted a lot of attention in "The Song of Bernadette" David O' Selznick's picture and won the Academy Award for that year for the best performance.

Now she has added the producer to the Award.

NEVADA NEWLYWEDS!

Hollywood, September 30.

Dick Haymes and Nora Eddington got married after their respective Nevada divorces. We hope they waste a little more time together before they again make a trip to Nevada.

POWERFUL PROGRAMME?

Hollywood, September 28.

Linda Christian, Tyrone Power's newly wedded wife threatens to become a mother before the year is out. Tyrone had already announced his intention of rearing a large family. This is only the first one in the series.

WASTE OF PROTEST!

Jubbulpore, September 30.

As a protest against the enhancement of the entertainment tax by the provincial government, all cinema houses in Jubbulpore observed one day's hartal.

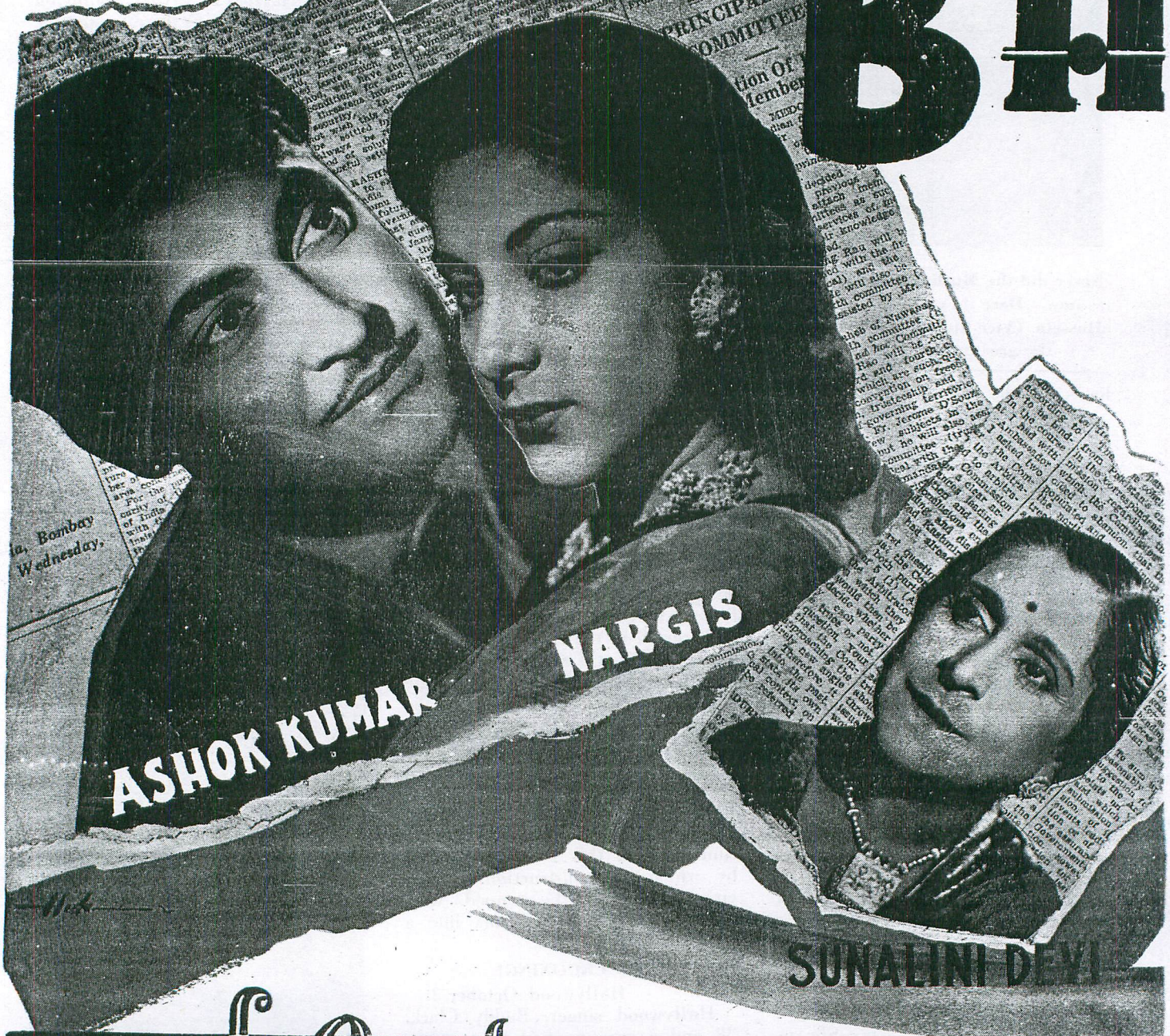
On the 30th June, the cinemas all over India had observed one day's hartal but the different provincial governments don't seem to have even noticed the unanimous protest of the film industry.

Dev Anand plays the lead in "Khel", a social story of Shahin Pictures.

FILMKAR Presents

THE BIGGEST ENSEMBLE OF STARS

BA



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HANA

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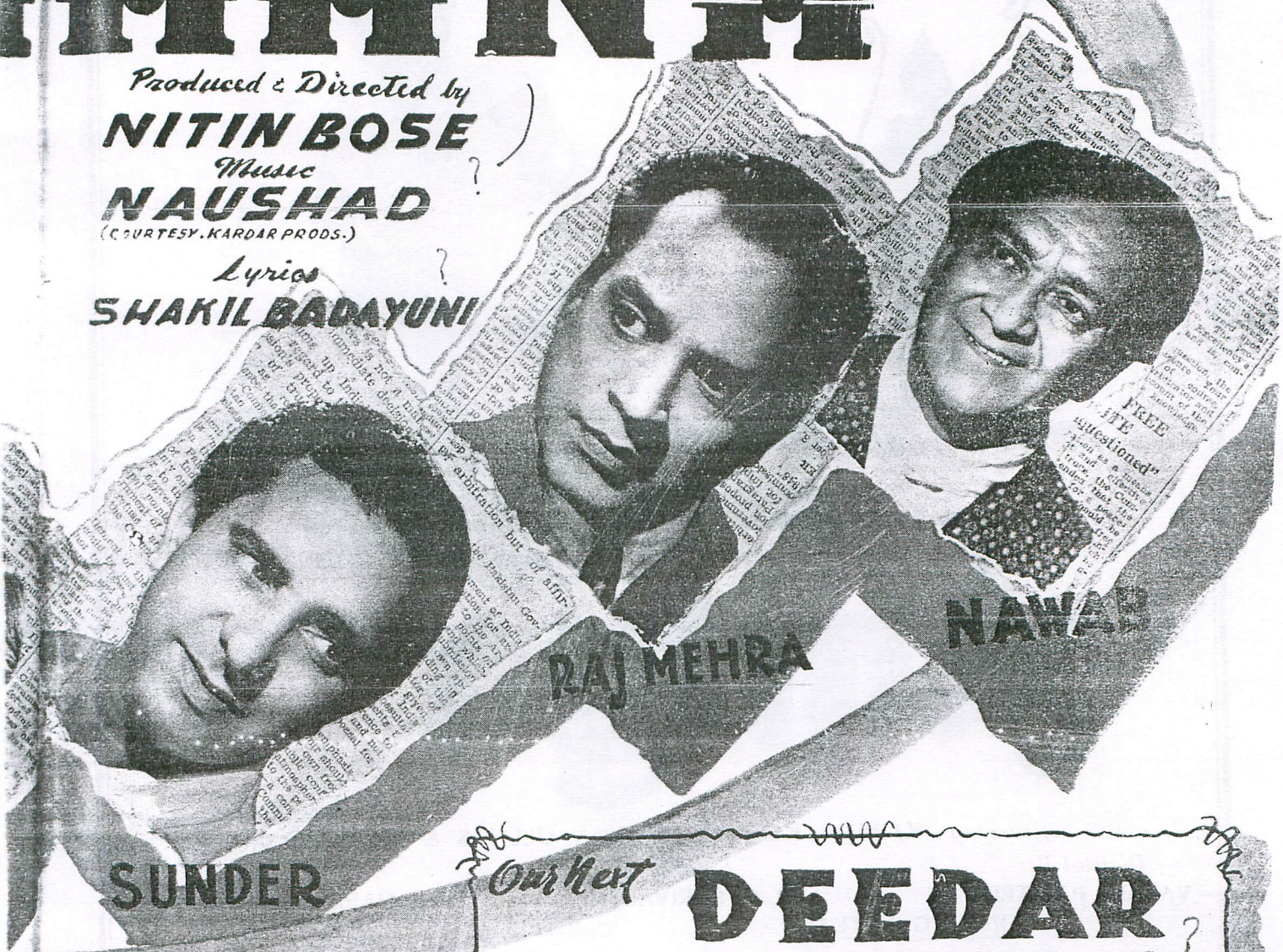
NITIN BOSE
Music
NAUSHAD
(COURTESY: KARDAR PRODS.)
Lyrics
SHAKIL BADAYUNI



Our Next
DEEDAR
Starring: **SHYAM • NAWAB & ?**
Direction
NITIN BOSE
Written by **SHAMS LAKHNAVI**
Music by **C. RAMCHANDRA**

AN EPIC STORY OF MAN'S PASSION & WOMAN'S PURITY!

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Starring: **KAMLA KOTNIS,** SAPRU, ULLHAS & CUCKOO.

Directed By: **VASANT PAINTER**

Screenplay: **B. G. SHRIVASTAV.**

Lyrics: **NARENDRA SHARMA.**

Music: **G. PATKAR.**

Cinematography: **G. KALE.**

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Woes & Echoes

(This is the readers' forum—as and when space permits. From the producer to the lay film-goer, every one can write to the Editor and ventilate his grievance. For every letter published in these columns, the publishers will pay Rs. 5|- Letters should be signed and marked "Woes And Echoes". Photographs of the readers will be published along with their letters, if convenient.—The Editor.)

BUT WHO LISTENS?

"The other day I went to see 'Apna Desh' produced and directed by Shantaram at the local Regal Talkies. I was surprised to see that Shantaram, who nowadays pretends to be the greatest patriot, has fallen so low as to make capital out of the plight of our millions of refugee brothers and sisters, who have undergone untold sufferings after the partition of the country. After losing heavily in men and money they came over to India in the only hope that they would be welcome as their own.

"But, if our producers continue to indulge in producing anti-refugee pictures then I am sure that the day will soon come when these pictures will not only be boycotted by refugees but by non-refugees also.

"I can say with confidence that if a picture like 'Apna Desh' had been produced in Pakistan, every Muslim refugee or non-refugee would have come out dagger in hand and there would have been neither the producer nor the picture. But we are tolerant and peace-loving people.

"So it is my earnest request to such producers not to compel the refugees to imitate Pakistan. I also condemn Dewan Sharar and K. Date for writing such a nasty story and warn them not to repeat such stories in future."

Sm. Chandra Prabha Raizada.
NEW DELHI.

OUR SHAME IN CEYLON

"Shantaram through his 'Apna Desh' has certainly done enough "service" to his motherland. He dubbed his film in the South Indian languages and thus spread his notion about the Hindu refugees from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas. It is astonishing that the Government of India has not taken into its head the necessity of banning this picture which depicts a refugee girl "who sells her nation's honour and fools the India's Police Force by her seductive charm". This is how the picture is being advertised in this island. The Tamil version of "Apna Desh" is to be screened at Colombo shortly and so Shantaram has spread his notion overseas also. One cannot imagine what impression this film will create in the minds of the Ceylonese about the Indian women themselves. Films like "Actress" have done enough to misrepresent India's womanhood to her neighbours and "Apna Desh" evidently goes a step further in this aspect. Will the Central Board of Film Censors act wisely and ban this film before it could be released here?"

COLOMBO. *K. Swaminathan*

PAID PIPERS

"I was very much enlightened by reading your review of "Apna Desh". Every word and sentence you have written is full of sense and weight. Your reference to our press is particularly noteworthy. All the periodicals and journals have wasted valuable words in praise of this good-for-nothing film. This universal applause shows lack of judgement and critical insight on the part of our press. Apart from this, I am sure, even Shantaram will agree with your review in his heart of hearts, if not in public."

MADRAS. *H. Nagesha Rao Manay.*

LET US PRAY

"'Filmindia' is worth its weight in 'Platinum' for its bold court-martial of "Apna Desh" (Sept. '49) and it is to be read 100 times by sense-proof V. Shantaram and his pets. When will a great (of course, not now) director like V. Shantaram learn to take advice from a journalist of Baburao Patel's calibre, whose work is praised whenever and wherever the word "film" is spelt. It is time that V. Shantaram realized the tragic fate of 6 million refugees and withdrew his "Apna Desh" to his "Apna Studio". He will be worshipped with flowers, if he does, not only by 6 million refugees but also by that humorist Baburao Patel. Will he? (I doubt). Mr. Baburao Patel criticised you severely only to pull you out of the hole that you fell into. Get wise, and act!"

POONA. *T. A. Ramanathan.*

"APNA TRASH"

"Please accept my congratulations on your splendid review of "Apna Desh". Mislead by the press I had the misfortune of seeing this putrid picture. Shantaram, who was once famous for art and originality should bow his head in sheer shame for having given us a revolting and

Nancy de Scaffa (19) declared to be the most beautiful woman in the world and called "Miss Universe", Pushpa Hans and Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel—all at the Taj. If Nancy looks a bit pale she has two reasons for it.

Kamini Kaushal plays another popular role in "Shair", a social story of Jagat Pictures.

preposterous picture like 'Apna Desh'. It gave me immense joy and consolation to go through your vivid review of this picture. I pray to God to give you long lease of life to lead the film industry with your untiring zeal, enthusiasm and honesty."

TANJORE. *Mrs. William Moses.*

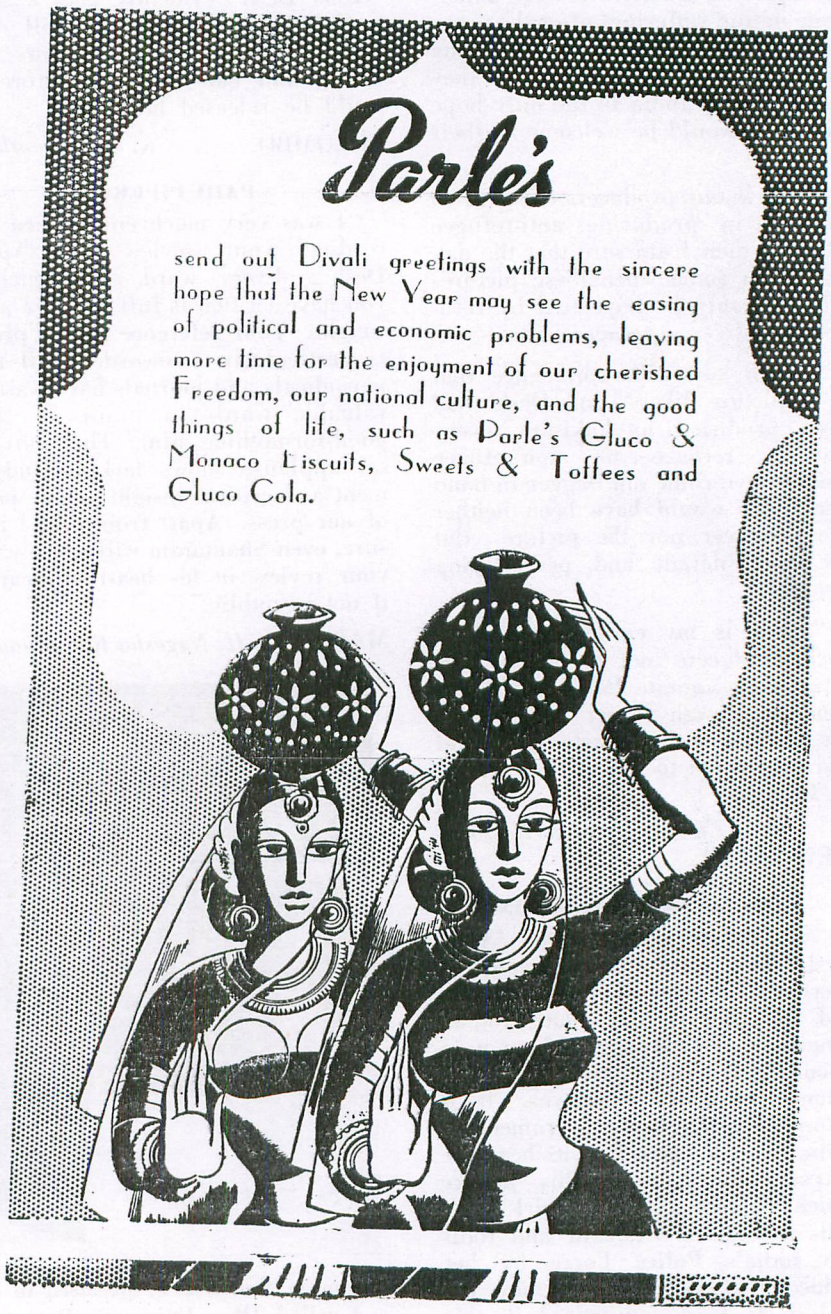
GOD DOES!

"Mr. Patel, you deserve to be thanked by us—refugees for being so good as to champion our every good cause, since our arrival in this new home India. Only recently you took cudgels on our behalf and very rightly, criticised Shantaram's 'Apna Trash' which presents a refugee woman, in lurid colours. While other so-called critics are shouting hoarse in praise of 'Apna Trash' which deserves to be burnt in a public square, you had the courage to slap Shantaram in his face for having produced the greatest trash of the decade. Of course your efforts to persuade the hard-hearted big guns to impose ban on the exhibition of 'Apna Trash' have not yielded fruit so far, nevertheless, you have won the love and affection of six million helpless refugees. And now by inviting information about 'evacuees properties', you have made us feel that while others—editors and critics—do not lag behind in showing us merely lip-sympathy, you want to do something tangible to reduce the burden of our sufferings. May God help you Mr. Patel."

DADAR. *M. D. Butani.*

DEAR ONE?

"Few days ago when I was in Bombay I had a chance to see the much boosted film of Mr. V. Shantaram titled "Apna Desh". I was rather swayed by the publicity blurbs of that film and the other important thing was that till that time "filmindia" had not reviewed that film. Now I wish I had not seen that film which is an open insult to the refugees and particularly their womenfolk. I have not seen a single woman yet who after seeing this film has not condemned it.


Parle's
send out Divali greetings with the sincere hope that the New Year may see the easing of political and economic problems, leaving more time for the enjoyment of our cherished Freedom, our national culture, and the good things of life, such as Parle's Gluco & Monaco Biscuits, Sweets & Toffees and Gluco Cola.

These are our swimming girls from Delhi and champions at that. Don't look at their legs, they look rickety but the first to the left—Gloria Brendish—swam 25 yards and won and the others probably stood by. The second one is Nirmala Singh, next to her is Chandra Parkash and the last tall one is Miss Puri. They didn't swim the Channel but they cut through 25 yards of water with the breast stroke. 25 yards is a good beginning for our two-year old freedom. We, however, suggest putting the girls on a good diet of meat proteins if they are ever to swim the Jumna.

"Our women committed suicide when their modesty was outraged but none betrayed her nation. A Punjabi friend of mine who has got a sister also told me after seeing the film that this film should have been banned by the government. But alas, governments have also got their dear and near ones. Don't you think so, sir?"

JODHPUR. *J. Lal Thanvi.*

APNA TRASH

"Congratulations Mr. Patel on your thundering review of the treacherous creation of Shantaram, "Apna Desh", in the September issue. Being a reader of all the film magazines of India I have a right to say that you are the only true critic in India today. All other critics have described this otherwise rotten, disgusting and slanderous picture as the exposure of evils in present India and called it purposeful. I brand these fellows as dogs who wave their tails before those producers who throw them bits of bread. They are betraying the noble profession of journalism by flattering a man like Shantaram. It is the duty of the government to see that this picture is banned before any unhappy incident takes place. Equal responsibility lies with those irresponsible journalists who have given unnecessary publicity to this picture by calling it patriotic, purposeful etc."

JAMSHEDPUR. *M. Velji.*

NEW SERVICE!

"The publication of two photos, one on page 43 of our G. G's party and another on page 57, Pandit Balakrishna Sharma's new romance, on the shining pages of "filmindia", September '49, with a few lines of thought provoking remarks, brings home the ocean of difference that lies between the 'profession' of our leaders and their 'practice'. By publishing such photos, "filmindia" besides, its primary object of correcting the defects and drawbacks of our films and film industry, brings in its own way a correct political awakening to the common man."

MADRAS. *H. Nagesha Rao Manay.*

TELL VALLABHBHAI!

"I had the misfortune to see "Apna Desh" in Novelty, Delhi recently. I really fail to understand how the screening of such a picture could have been allowed by the Board of Censors.

"I, as an Indian in general and a refugee from West Pakistan in particular, am constrained to ventilate my greatest sense of indignation at V. Shantaram's such malignant portrayal of a refugee girl's character. Have we not already suffered enough that we should be made to bear this insult? Has Producer Shantaram, who was at one time the best, lost all sense of proportion and shame? What, oh, what has demoralized this man so much that he has the impudence to conceive of an Indian woman blackmailing her country?

"I have the highest admiration for your upholding the just cause of the refugees and pray that something be done to discontinue exhibition of this "trash" in the country."

INDORE. *Jogindra N. Sibal.*

DON'T DREAM OF APOLOGY!

"It appears that Shantaram's main idea in producing pictures is to slander people, living and dead both. At least, that is the impression I have been able to gather after seeing his recent pictures. This game of his began with "Dr. Kotnis" in which he presented an entirely twisted story of the Indian Medical Mission to China, and was followed with "Bhool" which advocated virgin motherhood and preached anti-social customs.

"But in his latest, "Apna Desh", he has excelled himself. In showing a Punjabi girl smuggling arms, ammunition and other commodities to Pakistan, he has not only branded six million refugees as 'quislings', but has also slandered the entire womenfolk of this huge sub-continent. Does Shantaram think that these refugees are all traitors? If so, he should expel the notion from his head.

"These people, whom we call refugees, are the real martyrs. They are the ones who have paid the price of freedom. Having lost their all in Pakistan and suffered beyond description at the hands of the merciless goondas, they still have not uttered a word of complaint. To

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For Particulars contact :—

GOEL CINE CORPORATION,

18, SONARI ROAD, VILE PARLE, BOMBAY 24.

India is fast becoming a land of signing brides and bridegrooms. Shanta, daughter of Dr. S. C. Sen and Ajay Kumar, son of N. N. Mitra, signed up as bride and bridegroom and celebrated a paper wedding in the presence of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Governor Asaf Ali. With ministers officiating as priests, our professional Brahmin priests are soon going to be unemployed. Let us hope this "Kaghaz-ki-naiya" takes the young ones to the other shore safely.

call them traitors, or even to depict them in bad light, is extremely unjust and amounts to a heinous crime. Shantaram is guilty of that crime. The only way he can absolve himself of this guilt is to withdraw the picture, burn the prints and offer a public apology."

SIMLA. *Prithi Paul Singh.*

CRITICS' CONSCIENCE?

"Please accept my sincere congratulations for your unbiased and impartial criticism of 'Apna Desh'. I have been rather surprised at the praise so freely lavished on the picture from all corners of the press and I wondered how many critics were being true to their conscience when they were praising such an outrageous picture. But now that I see your sincere opinion about the picture, I am glad that there is at least one single critic who can be trusted to give an impartial criticism. The picture is an outrage on our womanhood and it is the duty of our government to ban such pseudo-nationalistic pictures and the sooner the government realises it the better."

BANGALORE *A. V. Ramana Rao.*

EK NISHANI EH?

"Recently I happened to see the picture "Ek teri Nishani", of Kwatra Art Productions in the local theatre. I cannot tell you Mr. Patel how disgusted I felt. Had the director of the picture been anywhere near, I would have knocked him out.

"These directors degrade Indians and demoralize the character of our village girls who are known for their innocent and simplicity of life.

"This picture, from the beginning to the end, is full of improbabilities and absurdities, absurdities which I have never seen before."

MEERUT. *Jagdish Prasad Jain.*

ENTOMOLOGIST

"I had the misfortune to go to the Sangameswar cinema. It is the dirtiest theatre I have ever seen. It is just like a dungeon of the 17th century. I don't know whether a dungeon itself has been converted into a theatre. After every five minutes there is an interval of ten minutes due to the defective machine. There are no fans. One has to fan oneself with his kerchief.

"Alas! the chairs are the homes of bugs and other insects.

"Dear Patel, what do you think of the man who owns the theatre?"

BAGALKOT. *A. C. Huli.*

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PICTURES IN MAKING

JAGAT PICTURES (Bombay)

"Shair" starring favourites like Suraiya, Kamini Kaushal and Dev Anand, is fast nearing completion and very soon it will have an all-India release. Director Chawla is reported to have made it an attractive picture with dances, lilting songs and mass appeal.

Producer Madanlal Mehrotra is now worrying about "Gauna" another social with a touching theme and with the help of director Amiya Chakrabarty, there is every chance of "Gauna" becoming a box-office hit. Two new finds, Usha Kiran and Anoop Kumar, are featured in "Gauna" and are reported to be working well.

"Sunehre Din" directed by Satish Nigam and starring Rehana, Nigar Sultana and Raj Kapoor has proved popular at the box office and is still running at the Novelty, Bombay.

FILMISTAN LTD. (Bombay)

"Shabnam" is still running to packed houses at the Roxy, Bombay and seems destined for a jubilee. Director Ramesh Saigal is working hard on "Samadhi" starring Nalini Jaywant, Kuldip and Ashok Kumar. Two other pictures on the floor are "Sargam" directed by Santoshi and "Badnam" directed by Najam Naqvi. "Sargam" has many good-looking girls to add to the sex-appeal of the picture and also promises to be another entertainer like "Shabnam" and "Shehnai".

FAMOUS PICTURES LTD. (Bombay)

Producer Baburao Pai recently celebrated the silver jubilee of "Bari Bahen" with a party at the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay and Mrs. Leelavati Munshi presiding. "Bari Bahen" is still going strong at the Imperial Cinema, Bombay and the filmgoers know the songs and tunes thoroughly by now. "Hamari Manzil" featuring Nirupa Roy and Prem Adib, is scheduled for release at the Imperial after "Bari Bahen". "Galyachi Shapath" is in the editing room while the script work of the next film starring Suraiya is ready.

Now they tease his soul by doing token spinning on ceremonial occasions. Here are Pandit Nehru and Minister N. V. Gadgil doing publicity spinning at Rajghat on Gandhiji's 81st birthday. What national importance these ceremonial exhibitions have we do not know but we admire the streamlined charkha of Pandit Nehru.

HALDIA NANDA PRODUCTIONS. (Bombay)

Director J. K. Nanda's ambitious social, "Singaar" starring Suraiya, Madhubala, Jairaj and K. N. Singh is scheduled for release early in 1950. His next, "Mehfil", threatens to be even better than "Singaar" the way director Nanda goes at it all the time.

HINDUSTAN CHITRA (Bombay)

Producer-director Kishore Sahu released "Sawan Aya Re" at Delhi and attended its premiere there. The picture is doing wonderfully well and is bound to run for many weeks. Close on the heels of this success, Kishore released "Rim Jhim" at Calcutta as a Divali attraction. He also attended its premiere and took plenty of applause from the filmgoers for his deft handling of this comedy. With his natural shrewdness, Kishore managed to sell off the distribution rights of "Rim Jhim" to Kapurchand for C.P. C.I., Bengal, Bombay and the South. Yet another picture "Hamara Ghar" is more than half-way through and is expected to be completed soon with the usual Sahu speed.

SADIQ PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

"Sabak" is taking shape under the able direction of Producer-director M. Sadiq. Sadiq is reported to have given a new personality to Munnawar Sultana as the heroine of "Sabak". Others in the cast are Om Prakash, Nawab and Jagirdar.

FILMKAR LTD. (Bombay)

Their maiden picture "Bahana" has been entrusted to director Nitin Bose who promises to make it an outstanding hit. With well-known stars like Ashok Kumar, Nargis, Nawab and Raj Mehra, Nitin might well succeed in fulfilling the filmgoers' expectations. Shakil Badayuni is writing the lyrics and music is in the hands of Naushad. Already three territorial rights have been sold.

M & T FILMS LTD. (Bombay)

"Nishana" directed by Wajahat Mirza and starring pretty Madhu-

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there's Laughter!

PYAR KI RAAT

Starring
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Leela Gupte-Ushā-Vasant Rao

Produced by
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